

# MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

	PAGE
ABDUCTED BY PIUS THE NINTH. By DOM GILBERT HIGGINS, C.L.R. With a Portrait of Cane MORTARA . . .	1
A BROOM-BRANCH AT TWILIGHT. By FRANCIS THOMPSON . . . . .	9
CHARTERHOUSE IN SUSSEX. By DR. GEORGE WILLIAMSON. With a Bird's- eye View of ST. HUGH'S, PARKMINSTER .	11
SCUR LOUISE DE LA MISERICORDE. By MAY PROBYN . . . . .	24
IN MANUSCRIPT. By N. HAWTHORNE .	26
"THE VERY STONES SHALL CRY OUT." By LANFRANC . . . . .	34
PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, M.P. . . . .	62
THE PASSING OF THE YEARS. By Father CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. . . . .	63
THE STORY OF A CONVERSION. By the Rev. X. Y. Z. . . . .	65

43, ESSEX STREET, LONDON.

THE  
WESTMINSTER PRESS,

383 HARROW ROAD, LONDON, W.,

*General Printers and Publishers,*

UNDERTAKES THE PRINTING OF

**B**ooks, Magazines,  
Newspapers, Pamphlets,  
Posters, &c.,

ON EXCEPTIONALLY FAVOURABLE TERMS.

---

SPECIMENS AND ESTIMATES BY RETURN OF POST.

---





## Advertisements.

*"The best Catholic Newspaper in the language."*

PRICE THREEPENCE.]

[ESTABLISHED 1849.

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

CATHOLIC FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

SENT POST FREE FOR 13/- PER ANNUM to Subscribers  
in Great Britain who pay in advance.

*The day of the dull newspaper is done. The pressure of life leaves less and less time for the writer to elaborate, and for the reader to linger over, the long papers of a more leisurely generation. Moreover, the sharpened wits of moderns are able to say and to understand much matter in little space.*

*The short swift sentence of Macaulay and the light paragraph have taken the place once held by the ponderous essay with its swelling periods.*

*By recognising this movement in modern journalism, "the readable REGISTER" has made itself a welcome visitor in Catholic homes all over the English-speaking world.*

*It was a dull duty, write from all quarters to say that they find it, instead, a pleasant pastime; and members of many families date a renewing of their interest in Catholic matters, and a vivifying of their zeal, from the time when "the readable REGISTER" found a place on their tables.*



*The use of clear type, of good paper, and of all the improved technical arrangements, combines with the literary management to produce a thoroughly attractive Journal.*

*This attempt—made with the very special benediction of the Cardinal Archbishop—has been abundantly successful. Correspondents who had supposed that to read a Catholic jour-*

Subscriptions may be taken from any date and for any period.

JOHN SINKINS, 43, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON,

To whom Cheques and P.O.O.'s are payable

VOL XVIII.

a

*Advertisements.*

---

## ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, RAMSGATE.

---

*Conducted by English Fathers of the Benedictine Order.*

---

1. The above College, by a remodelling of its residential and scholastic arrangements, has considerably widened its scope of action, and now offers educational advantages as high as those presented by any Catholic School or College in the United Kingdom.

2. To facilitate the working of the Course of Studies, the College has been divided into three departments, the members of the two higher of which are separated from the Juniors, and reside in adjacent private houses, under the immediate supervision of the Fathers.

3. The Fifth and Sixth Forms will be sent up for the Oxford Locals and London Matriculation respectively every year. Boys can also be prepared for the Army, Civil Service, and other public entrance examinations.

4. Youths are received up to the age of twenty-one years in the position of "Philosophers" or "Parlour Boarders."

5. The Fathers, who form a permanent staff, are assisted in the work of tuition by lay graduates of English Universities.

6. The Modern Languages taught in the College include French, German, Spanish, and Italian.

7. Ramsgate is conveniently situated two hours from London.

8. Pupils of the College enjoy the benefit of frequent sea-bathing during the summer months.

---

FOR PROSPECTUS, &c., apply either to

**THE VERY REV. FATHER PRIOR,**

OR TO

**THE REV. FATHER RECTOR.**



# Colleges and Schools.

---

## TOOTING COLLEGE, LONDON, S. W.

The Ordinary Course prepares for Preliminary Professional Examinations, and the Matriculation Examination of London University.

For Prospectus, apply to the Principal, the Rev. M. F. O'REILLY, D.Sc. (Lond.)

---

## COLLEGES OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, PRIOR PARK, BATH.

The Autumn Term commenced on September 17th. Two Scholarships are offered to boys entering St. Peter's College. For particulars, apply to the Very Rev. Canon WILLIAMS, President.

## CONVENT of the RETREAT OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS,

THE ROOKERY, BURNHAM, SOMERSET.

Boarding School for Young Ladies of the upper classes. Residence for Lady Boarders. An exceptionally healthy situation, nice grounds and sea advantages. Terms moderate.

Apply to the Rev. MOTHER.

---

## DOWNSIDE COLLEGE, BATH.

This is situated twelve miles from Bath, on the Mendip Hills. Its climate is very salubrious and bracing, and the accommodation for the Students is excellent.

The Course of Studies is mainly directed to the Examinations of the University of London, but special Examinations can be prepared for on application.

The numbers are limited, and boys of foreign birth are not admitted.

The College is under the care of Fathers of the English Benedictine Congregation, and their Benedictine methods of education are well known by their almost unvarying good results.

All information may be had from the Very Rev. Prior,

J. CLEMENT FOWLER.

---

## FRANCISCAN CONVENT, TAUNTON.

A limited number of Young Ladies of the higher classes are received for education.

For terms, apply to  
Mr. S. JERNINGHAM.

---

## DOMINICAN CONVENT, ST. DOMINIC'S, STONE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

School for a limited number of Young Ladies. The Course of Studies comprises all branches of a higher education.

For particulars, apply to the Rev. MOTHER PRIORESS.

## CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME,

CLAPHAM COMMON, S. W.

The Sisters of Notre Dame receive limited number of Young Ladies as Boarders and Day Boarders, to whom they offer all the advantages of a superior education. The Pupils, at the desire of their parents, are prepared for the University Local Examinations, in which they have been most successful, and have gained certificates and prizes in the Oxford and Edinburgh Examinations.

For further particulars, apply to the Superioress, as above.

*Advertisements.*

---

**ESTABLISHED 1851.**

---

**BIRKBECK BANK,**

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.  
TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on minimum monthly  
balances, when not drawn below £100.  
STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest, at the rate of THREE per CENT. per Annum, on each completed £1. Accounts are balanced and Interest added on the 31st March annually.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

---

**H**OW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, OR A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post-free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager]

---

**THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or family is liable.

*N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,  
Daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.*



# MERRY ENGLAND.

An Illustrated Magazine.

VOL. XVIII.

*NOVEMBER, 1891—APRIL, 1892.*

JOHN SINKINS,  
43, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C

THEY called thee "Merry England" in old time ;  
A happy people won for thee that name,  
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;  
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask  
This face of rural beauty be a mask  
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ?  
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?  
Forbid it, Heaven !—that Merry England still  
May be thy rightful name, in prose or rhyme !

—*Wordsworth.*





## CONTENTS OF VOLUME XVIII.

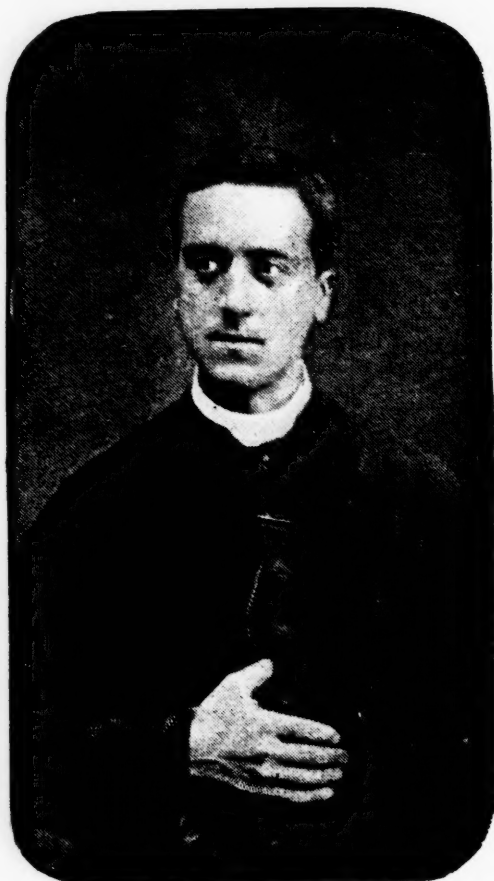
---

	PAGE
Abducted by Pius the Ninth. By DOM GILBERT HIGGINS, C.R.L. With a Portrait of Canon Mortara ... ..	1
A Broom-branch at Twilight. By FRANCIS THOMPSON ... ..	9
Charterhouse in Sussex. By Dr. GEORGE WILLIAMSON. With a Bird's-eye View of St. Hugh's, Parkminster ... ..	11
Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde. By MAY PROBYN ... ..	24
In Manuscript. By N. HAWTHORNE ... ..	26
"The Very Stones shall cry out." By LANFRANC ... ..	34
Portrait of Sir John Pope Hennessy, M.P. ... ..	62
The Passing of the Years. By Father CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. ...	63
The Story of a Conversion. By the Rev. X. Y. Z. 65, 119, 213, 301	
Cardinal Newman and the Countess of Huntingdon. By A. C. OPIE. With a Portrait ... ..	81
Prayers for all Men. By VICTOR HUGO ... ..	91
A Legend of Design. By BERNARD WHELAN ... ..	93
The Snow-Image. By N. HAWTHORNE ... ..	97
An Elementary Lesson. By ALICE MEYNELL ... ..	115
The Fourth Order of Humanity. By FRANCIS THOMPSON ...	140
Comfort—to a Bird. By KATHARINE TYNAN ... ..	145
Reviews and Views. Illustrated ... .. 147, 229, 315	
Mona Lisa. By WILLIAM P. COYNE ... ..	153
A Bishop of Kisamos. With a Portrait of the Right Rev. Charles Morice Graham, and of Blessed Arcangelo Canetoli ... ..	155
A Fallen Yew. Illustrated. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. ... ..	169

A Phase of Mediæval Life. By Father CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. ..	173
A Tale of Two Mottoes. By A. C. OPIE ... ..	189
The Broad Church. By the Rev. ALFRED FAWKES ... ..	200
MEMORIALS OF CARDINAL MANNING. SPECIAL EDITION.	
SAYINGS OF CARDINAL MANNING. SPECIAL EDITION.	
With the White Friars. By FRANCIS PHILLIMORE. Illustrated by George Lambert ... ..	235
The Final Appeal. By EASTWOOD KIDSON ... ..	251
The Strange Adventures of a Wife. By A. C. OPIE ... ..	253
The Idea of Mediævalism. By Father CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. ...	264
"The World is too much with us." By the late CARDINAL ARCH- BISHOP OF WESTMINSTER ... ..	283
Marriage in Two Moods. By FRANCIS THOMPSON ... ..	299
Lobelia. By BERNARD WHELAN ... ..	312







CANON MORTARA.



# MERRY ENGLAND.

---

NOVEMBER, 1891.

---

## *Abducted by Pius the Ninth.*

THE reappearance in Italy of Pius Mary Mortara awakens old memories. Men of fifty have found themselves back again in the stormy autumn of 1858. The announcement that the ex-Jew would preach in a Christian church recalled the time when the name of a child of seven, written on a thousand leaves, and shrieked by every wind of religious and political doctrine, flew from one end of Europe to the other. Then the mere word Mortara was a call to arms; and bravely did every scribe obey the summons. Some, with pen dipped in gall, reviled Pope Pius IX.; others, deploring the deprivation inflicted on a Jewish mother, caused tender hearts to melt at the rigours of a law which could sever from his parents' embrace a child. The year 1858 ran out its course and with 1859 other interests arose. Mortara ceased to rivet public attention. By degrees he dropped completely out of sight, and a new generation has come into existence for whom Mortara would seem to be a name and nothing more. It may be so; and yet the crowds, largely composed of Jews, who flocked to the Church of San Carlo, at Modena, to see and hear the Man, prove the fascination exercised on the mind of this same generation by the history of the Boy.

Edgar Mortara was born in 1851. The date is important. His native place was Bologna. His parents were Jews and had seven other children besides Edgar. Those who pictured to themselves a lonely couple sitting childless in a silent house overlooked this detail. The Mortaras had a Christian servant-maid, against both the ecclesiastical and the then civil law of the land. Once when the youngest child was very ill, the servant happened to mention the fact to one of the Catholic neighbours. "If the child is really going to die," said the neighbour, "it would be a charity to baptise it." "That I'll never do," replied the maid. Then, to explain her reluctance, she confessed that six years previously, thinking Edgar was at death's door, she had christened him. Edgar had recovered, and now he was over seven years old and knew not but that he was a Jew. This was a lesson to her, and she would never run the risk of having another Christian brought up in a false religion. The servant's words passed from mouth to mouth until they came to the ears of the successor of St. Peter, who inherits the awful responsibility conveyed in the words, "Feed My sheep ; feed My lambs."

Investigations were made. The girl's story was sifted. Her manner of administering the Sacrament was examined. It was clearly recognised that little Edgar was a Christian, and, in the flush of the discovery, he was removed from his father's custody and brought to Rome, where he was placed with some Nuns who keep a house called the Casa dei Catechumeni. Of course, these good Religious were like mothers to the child, and saw that he was instructed in his religion. At first Edgar, who could not understand his position, was a lonely lad ; but as soon as he was made acquainted with the Catholic religion, sorrow gave place to joy, and his newly awakened feelings found expression in the words : "I am baptised and my father is the Pope." Pius IX. was indeed a father to the boy. Not only did he command the Nuns to take the greatest care of young Mortara, but he had the

lad brought to him. It was a touching sight to witness the aged Pontiff caressing the child of eight.

Not all the attentions of the Nuns and the flattering marks of favour lessened Edgar Mortara's affection and respect for his parents. He wrote little letters full of love. He let them know where he was and what he was doing. But his very affection made him fear the danger his faith would be exposed to if he returned to Bologna. The boy was remarkably intelligent, and his heart was no discredit to his head. To have him back with them at Bologna was naturally the object upon which his parents set their mind. They flew to Rome; came to the house where Edgar was lodged, and used every kind of influence to try and turn their son's heart against his religion. No obstacle was put in their path. The child was not smuggled out of the country. They were free to visit him whenever they chose. Caresses, tears, remonstrances, and promises were employed: all was in vain. One day his mother caught sight of a medal of Our Lady which he was wearing. She snatched it from his neck with the words: "You are a Hebrew, and a Hebrew you should die." "Out of respect I kept silence," Edgar Mortara said afterwards; "but as often as my mother uttered those words I would say to myself, 'By the grace of God I am a Christian, and a Christian I will die.'" On another occasion his father called his attention to the Fourth Commandment. "Do you know," said Mr. Mortara, "that God commands you to obey your parents?" "Yes, my dear Father," answered Edgar, "I am commanded to love you and respect you with all my heart; but I cannot obey you in what is against the law of God."

It was a waste of time to appeal to the child. The parents determined to appeal to public opinion. Not often had there been a case which could be so well worked by Jews against Christians, or by Protestants against the Pope. The matter was brought before the Synagogue of Alessandria, in Piedmont.

The rabbins of France and Germany took up the subject. The Jewish influence, which has such weight on the German, French, and Belgian press, was enlisted in behalf of the Mortaras. England, still quivering with the excitement of the Indian Mutiny, was convulsed with horror and pity by stirring articles in the *Times* and *Morning Post*. Indignant leaders in the *Siccle* and *Débats* inflamed the passions of the French; and German sentiment rose to fever heat under the incessant strokes of the *Algemeine Zeitung* and *Volkefreund*. Governments and peoples were called upon to avenge the outraged sanctities of the home. Parental authority had been defied. Priestly tyranny was set in opposition to maternal rights. Jews and Protestants forgot their mutual differences. A child's name, like a spell, led their united forces against the Pope; and all this time everyone who wished to see the little victim of mediæval bigotry had free access to him.

Edgar Mortara was interviewed by laymen and ecclesiastics, by magistrates and diplomats. His language was always the same. Clearly and decidedly he proclaimed his love for his parents, and the happiness he would feel in living with them if only they were Christians. The boy's ideas about religion were evidently fixed. There was no resisting the evidence supplied by those honest eyes, and that earnest and naïve tongue. The language of Louis Veuillot\* and other Catholic journalists helped to lay the storm. With the incoming of a busier season the Mortara incident was suffered to die away.

The storm had strengthened the boy's claim on the attention of his august patron. After a couple of years spent with the Nuns Edgar was removed to the Apostolic College attached to the Basilica of St. Peter in Chains. The occasion of his going there was this. Walking one day through Rome he met some of the little *Apostoliques*. Their white dress rivetted the boy's

\* The Editor of the *Univers* often met Mortara in after years and would say to him, "My son, you little know what gallons of ink you have cost me."



attention; "I want to be dressed like that," said he to his guardians. The Pope heard of it and sent him to San Pietro. Here, with other boys of his own age, he was trained for the Order of Canons Regular of St. John Lateran. The piety and talents of the youth justified the hopes of the Sovereign Pontiff, and after a brilliant course of studies Edgar was judged worthy to be admitted, in 1866, to the white habit of St. Augustine. His novitiate was passed at the Canonica of St. Agnes outside the walls of Rome, where it was his privilege to pray by the relics of that noble child whose preference for Christ stirred pagan Rome to its depths, and whose sacrifice of pleasure, fortune, and life has made her the patroness of every novitiate in the Lateran Congregation. At his clothing, young Mortara, out of gratitude to the Pope, took the names of Pius and Mary. Pius IX. did not forget his foster-child in the cloister. Every year, on the 12th of April, he would come with the Pontifical Court to the Abbey of St. Agnes, there to sing a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for his miraculous escape from death in 1855. Dom Pius Mortara, as long as he remained at St. Agnes's, was always selected to read some verses before His Holiness, and there was always talk about incidents which gave cause for other congratulations.

But dark days were at hand, and Canon Mortara was soon obliged to separate from his august benefactor and from his Fatherland. The loud-voiced preachers of the Fourth Commandment had no respect for the seventh. September, 1870, saw the hostile soldiery within the walls of the city where the young Canon Regular was pursuing his studies. Rome was scarcely seized by the Piedmontese troops before the father of Dom Pius presented himself in the Eternal City. In the downfall of the Pope he saw a chance of recovering his son. But that son was now in his twentieth year, and claimed his right to judge for himself. Going with his father before General la Marmora, Governor of Rome, he declared that he was of age to choose

a religion for himself, and stated his determination to remain a Christian. At a moment when liberty formed the burden of every song, and the rights of Romans were celebrated in every *bodega*, La Marmora could not enforce the Jewish father's fanatical demands, and Mr. Mortara had to leave his son in peace. But fearing some snare, and placing no reliance upon a Government which stood on broken pledges, Dom Pius left Rome the following night and fled into Austria.

Under the shadow of the Papal throne the young Canon had spent twelve years of quiet happiness amongst dear and tried friends and amid his beloved books : now he was to begin another twelve of change and labour and trial. The unreliableness of the apostles of liberty drove him into a foreign land ; the blood-tax was to keep him for twenty years out of his country. The anti-Christian principle which would have destroyed the Pope for the sake of the boy Mortara had been pushed to its legitimate conclusion. Pius IX. was a prisoner, and Mortara an exile. Consolation soon came to the wanderer. In the very year he left Rome he was allowed to make his solemn profession. The ceremony was performed at Brixen, in the Tyrol. Conspicuous amongst the Canons Regular who assisted at this memorable spectacle was Father John Chrysostom Mütterutzner, for many years Bishop Comboni's companion in the African Mission-field. Hardly had Dom Pius acquired an acquaintance with German when by the General's orders he was sent to France. This was in 1872. He continued his studies in the Priory of Notre Dame de Beauchêne and took his Doctor's degree at Poitiers. Ordained priest he found plenty of employment in this noted sanctuary of Mary. His command of French and his striking eloquence made numbers desire to hear him. Cardinal Pie, the illustrious Bishop of Poitiers, chose him to preach an Advent Course in his own Cathedral. He also occupied the pulpit at Moulins and Nancy.

The Paris Exhibition of 1878 brought him a great joy. His

mother, knowing that he could not see her in Italy without being condemned to prison and impressed as a soldier, came to Paris to meet her son. Dom Pius, with the permission of his superiors, went to the capital, where he spent some happy hours with her whose conversion he has never ceased to pray for. Mrs. Mortara was deeply touched at the first meeting, but her son's tender embraces helped her to overcome her emotion. Their relations have been most affectionate ever since. In 1878 Canon Mortara was obliged to say farewell to Beauchêne. Little did he know at that time that two years would not pass before profane hands would close the beautiful chapel in the face of devout pilgrims, and break down the Priory doors. But if he was not allowed to stay to meet the brunt of the tempest with the Canons Regular at Beauchêne, it was simply because a similar trial awaited him at his new destination.

He had to cross France. His new home was to be in the Vosges—Mattaincour, the burial-place of the Apostle of Lorraine, Blessed Peter Fourier, was to have the benefit of his talents. He preached the Novena on the occasion of the great pilgrimage which took place in July, 1878. His brethren in the Abbey of Mattaincour felt thankful to God for sending them so able an assistant. His zeal, his charity, and his ardour for all those things which pertain to the canonical life made the Community hope to possess him many years, when it pleased the Lord to prostrate him with so severe an attack of illness that his health has ever since remained completely shattered. He lives entirely on milk, fruit, and vegetables. On account of his health he was ordered to Marseilles. During his stay in the south of France the Ferry Law was passed; and the Government, if it did not actually thrust the boy Mortara, now an invalid, out of his house, left a paper at the Abbey ordering him to quit the soil of France within twenty-four hours.

And thus it came to pass that the year 1880, which saw his brothers in misfortune land on these shores, saw Canon Mortara

doing his best in assisting to found a house of Canons Regular in Spain. Many and great were the difficulties which he experienced, and bitter were his disappointments. Attempts were unsuccessfully made to find a resting-place for the weary feet at San Fernando and at Cadiz. At last the Bishop of Vittoria chanced to hear of the Congregation, and offered them his episcopal seminary as a place of residence, if the Austin Canons would undertake the training of the students. This seminary is at Oñate, and here is the present home of Canon Mortara. The Community, exclusive of the Diocesan students, is a large one, and is remarkable for possessing the only surviving member of the old Spanish Congregation of Austin Canons and a young scholastic who glories in the name of Dom Andrew Garro-Guerricaechebarria, C.R.L. Father Mortara's eloquence has found expression in Spanish. His reputation as a preacher has passed over the borders of the Basque country, and by command of the Queen-Regent he preaches occasionally in Madrid. In the pulpit he is all fire. His delicacy of health is not felt in his sermons.

To end where we began. The boy Mortara has just visited Italy. Business relating to his Order and a legitimate desire to see his widowed mother had much to do with his short stay in the land of his birth. He stayed chiefly in the head house of the Congregation at San Pietro in Vincoli. And how could Father Mortara go to Italy this year? Because he is now forty years of age and cannot be compelled to strap on a knapsack and carry a rifle. The twenty years of banishment pronounced against the boy Mortara by the "Deliverers" of Rome have come to an end; and Pius Mary Mortara, without fear of arrest, visited the home of his aged mother, and knelt at the tomb of Pius IX.

GILBERT HIGGINS, C.R.L.



*A Broom-branch at Twilight.*

CROCEAN from the marsh I win you,  
And I hear the poems in you ;  
I and they are wild for clasping,  
But you will not yield them me.

You know, you that hive and show not,  
What I ache to feel and know not—  
I, whose own heart speaks a hid tongue ;  
But you will say naught to me.

You know why the wind at even  
Rends my heart as its is riven,  
And is sad, like me, at sadness ;  
But you will not teach this me.

And what hot heart splendidly  
Fumes to golden wrath the bee ;  
Gold in your gold ear he sung it,  
But you will not sing it me.

You know why your loveliness  
Burthens me with strange distress,  
Why I rest not that eve resteth ;  
But you will not hint it me.

You know why Beauty sits for ever,  
Like the goddess of a river,  
With an urn of cold tear-oozes ;  
But you will not sigh it me.

*A Broom-branch at Twilight.*

Why Love hides his burning eyes  
In Silence' dim hair, you surmise  
    Silent at the heart of Silence ;  
But you will not whisper me.

And I hold you in my fingers ;  
And on songs for stateliest singers  
    Does your golden frost lie heavy,  
And you will not loose them me.

Evil-timèd, evil-timèd  
Was my suit, and those unrhymèd  
    Rhymes you fold some other poet  
Sueless wins, withheld from me.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*Charterhouse in Sussex.*

**A**S the "lineal descendant of the London Charterhouse," the great Monastery of St. Hugh, at Parkminster, has an almost local interest for Londoners ; and this is doubtless why the Editor of the *City Press*, a paper with traditions not favourable to Catholicism, has given place to the following experiences of Dr. George Williamson, F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.Soc., a recent visitor to the Sussex Charterhouse :

In a country lane, a long way from a railway station, and far down in the interior of Sussex, can be seen a mysterious building. It is away from a main road, and passed by very few travellers ; but the cyclist, skimming along the level road, passes a quiet, tidy lodge, and in astonishment gazes at what appears to be a huge church surrounded by numerous houses at the head of the drive. Mysterious we have called the building, but let our cyclist be told that the erection is a great Carthusian monastery, and most mysterious will it become at once to him, especially if he is an Englishman. Shockingly ignorant are most of our countrymen about Religious Houses. The very word "Convent" they appear to think belongs solely to a house tenanted by women ; and as to the life and character of monk or nun, they are ready to believe any wild story or credit any ridiculous invention. The building we would describe is the only Carthusian house in England.

Long ago there were many such houses, and the London

Charterhouse was the chief; but for more than one hundred years there has been no Carthusian monk residing in this country. Now in Sussex rises stately the Monastery or Chartreuse of St. Hugh, at Parkminster; and it is to try and dispel some of the strange delusions that surround the life of the Carthusian Father in the opinion of the average Englishman that we take up our pen. We must not dwell upon the dreadful persecution and martyrdom of Prior Houghton, of Charterhouse, and his monks in the time of Henry VIII. We must barely mention the suppression of the Order in 1535, and Father Chauncey's return in the following year to the Monastery of Sheen, near London. Short, indeed, was the sojourn of the good Fathers in England. In 1559 they were again driven out, and their wanderings took them to Douai, Louvain, Antwerp, Mechlin, and Nieuport. Little by little the band of English monks dwindled down, and but three were left in 1783. The last of the English Religious Communities then disappeared, the last English Carthusian, Prior Williams, dying at Malvern in the strict observance of his rule. One hundred years passed away, and the strong Protestant feeling in England prevented the Order from obtaining any foothold in the country where its name had so long been cherished. Charterhouse passed to other uses—a school grew up in the home of the monks, but gradually the light grew stronger, and with the revival of Orders in England came the Carthusians once more to our shores. In 1883 St. Hugh's was consecrated a glorious offspring from the ancient foundation. Quietly enshrined in a Sussex valley, bosomed in a country lane, with only cottages around it, stands the City of Faith, its lofty spire a landmark for miles, and its magnificent entrance-gates a source of inquiring wonder to the passer-by. It is by far the largest monastic building in England, and it may well claim our attention. A short time since we had the rare privilege of spending a few days within its walls, and by special and most kindly permission of the Prior, Father



Victor Doreau, of gleaning very full information as to the life, habits, and customs of a Father of the Order.

To quote the words of Father Clarke, appearing in an article published in 1886, we must first "search and see what is the virtue and what is consequently the work" of the Order, that we may understand its life and its rule. In the article before-mentioned, from which we have extracted much information, we learn that the spirit characteristic of the Carthusian Order "is a noble and supernatural disregard of most worldly wisdom and worldly policy, of the spirit of utility that governs the modern world, and of the spirit that asks on every occasion the question, 'Will it pay?'" The end that the Carthusian "sets before himself, is to reproduce as nearly as possible in his daily life the life of the blessed in Heaven." The Order is a contemplative one, not a mendicant one; aiming not at preaching, teaching, or study, although these may be taken as by-work. The Order is one of solitude, praise, sanctity, and prayer; and many a one who can understand the usefulness of active Orders would despise, from want of proper understanding, those who live a solitary and contemplative life.

A description of a visit will perhaps better explain the life than further theological disquisition. We arrived at about seven in the evening, and found the magnificent building stranded in solitude and silence. All its inhabitants, save one Lay Brother, had retired to rest, and he had so fully forgiven us for disturbing his rest as to provide for us a charming little meal upon our arrival. We spent but little time at the table, and soon after eight were ourselves seeking repose. The words of the old cynic Diogenes came to our memory as soon as we crossed the threshold of our bed-chamber, and we re-echoed his sentiment of astonishment at the "number of things in the world that he could do well without." A glance round showed us how little luxury is necessary to comfort. We had a large room, and its boards, destitute of carpet, were as clean as constant scrubbing

would make them, and as spotless and white as napery. A small bedstead, a straw mattress, bolster stuffed with chaff, two sheets, and two blankets sufficed for bedding. A tiny wash-table with the simplest fittings, a small glass and cupboard, a tiny rug by the bedside, a writing-table in the centre of the room with ink-stand completed the furniture. Devotion, however, stepped in after secular needs were supplied, and a plain deal *prie-dieu*, crucifix, and stoup of holy-water, together with one or two pictures of a religious character, bespoke the type of residence into which we had come. The furniture was of unstained pine, affording every opportunity for the scrubbing process, and was as spotless as the floor.

At half-past ten we awoke at the clanging roar of the great bell from the lantern over the church, and the whole air of the valley around us seemed filled with the deep booming sound. It did not take us very long to dress, and by a quarter to eleven the whole Community, each Father in his own cell, were reciting, each at his *prie-dieu*, the Matins and Lauds of the Little Office of Our Lady. At ten minutes past eleven the bell again sounds, and, taking our lamps in our hands, we descend the staircase and wend our way along the great corridors. The vast quadrangles, each surrounded by its vaulted cloister, are the most striking feature of the remarkable building. "There are, in all," Father Clarke tells us, "3,166 ft. of cloister—more than half-a-mile. Each side of the larger of the two quadrangles is some 600 ft. in length, 1,595 ft. all round." Gliding along the dim solitude of these stone cloisters, with their pavement of blue Sussex marble, we see the Fathers coming; each clad in his habit of creamy white and carrying his lantern. As we enter the church and pass to our seats in the gallery the scene upon which we gaze is a striking and remarkable one.

The church is long and lofty, vaulted with stone, and divided, as to one-third of its length, by an elaborate and beautiful stone screen. On either side are ranged stalls of oak work exquisitely

carved, those beyond the screen in the larger portion of the church being for the Fathers, and those beneath us in the smaller portion for the Lay Brothers. Each Father on entering makes his profound obeisance to the Blessed Sacrament and passes on to his stall. Behind him is an oil lantern, which, from the light in his own tiny one, he lights, and then covers it with a large metal shade that directs the light solely upon the office books below. A solitary red lamp lights the Lay Brothers' portion and serves but to intensify the gloom. Moment by moment the darkness increases as each lantern is shrouded, and at last, save for the glow of the lamps through the chimneys upon the white stone roof, the ghostly glistening of the white rood screen, and the flicker of the red lamp, the church is in darkness.

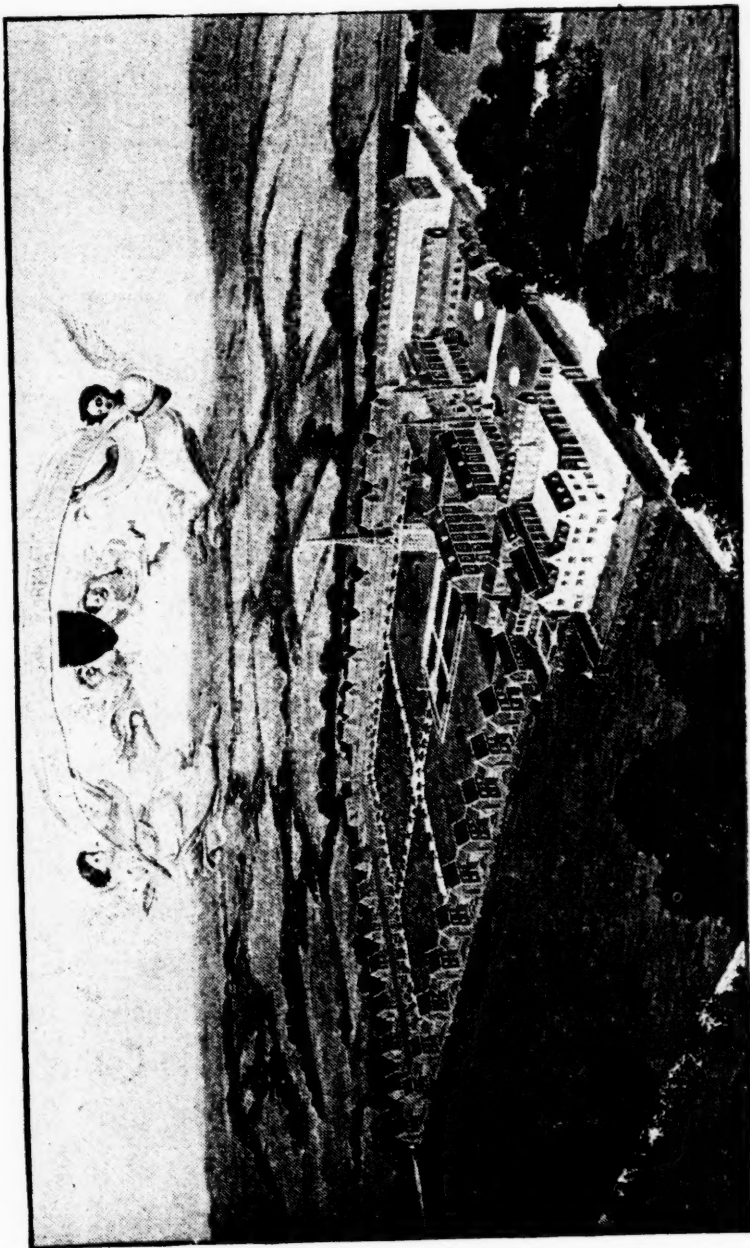
Beneath us we see the Lay Brothers in white and the four postulants in brown engaged in telling their rosaries, and no one else can we see save when the Fathers take their place at the lectern, and the movement of the white habit is visible through the lattice of the screen doors. Profound is the momentary quiet, and then, pure as a silver bell, rises the opening note of the canonical office. No musical instrument accompanies the Carthusian plain song, but in the identical words and to the same actual notes as St. Bruno sang in 1090, the night office is recited by the monks of to-day. Very beautiful is the music, of surpassing loveliness are some of the pure tenor voices of the Fathers. Every word is sung in a sort of plain chant so like and yet so different from the ordinary Gregorian tones. Each Father in turn takes his place at the desk, making his obeisance to the High Altar and his bow to the Prior as he passes; and the movement to and from the stalls is all the sound save the music that we hear. On and on sways the music; the Fathers never spare themselves, and for three long hours in the quiet of the night, while the world engages in pleasure or in labour, in rioting or in slumber, the good Fathers are praising their great Creator. Six

rests only occur, and these are each but of a minute's duration between each nocturne, and yet at the close of the office the note is as pure, as musical, and as perfect as when the service began.

It was past two o'clock when the *Benedictus* was sung, the last Collect said, and the night office completed. One by one the lamps were extinguished, the lanterns lit; and the Fathers, moving along the huge cloisters and disappearing each within the door of his cell, were lost to view. We paced along carrying our larger lamps and found our way back to our rooms. Before half-past two all is again solemn silence, not a sound, not a cry, and we are once more courting repose with a desire for rest after the wonderful midnight service of over three hours' duration. Repose for a Father is not, however, for long. At half-past five he rises again for Prime and Tierce. As guests we were permitted a longer rest, but at seven we arose, and after an excellent, though frugal, breakfast, we were in our place for High Mass, which, the day being Sunday, was at a quarter-past eight: on other days the Mass is at seven. Many of the features of the Mass were strange to us, differing from the ceremonies in ordinary use. The posture of the Fathers is very Oriental and curious; instead of kneeling the attitude is that of lying down on the side. The priest does not extend his hands while reading the prayers, but clasps them together and rests them upon the altar, while the Canon of the Mass is said with the arms extended. A profound obeisance takes the place of the customary genuflexion. The kiss of peace is passed from one Father to another upon two beautiful tables of pure gold; and these are handed through the doors of the screen to the Lay Brothers, and by the postulants afterwards deposited upon the twin altars that stand against the white stone rood screen. An interesting old monastic custom is retained, in which, after the communicants have received the Host, they are given by the Father Procurator a sip of pure wine.

After High Mass the various priests say their own





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. HUGH'S, PARKMINSTER.

Masses in the various private chapels, all at the same hour ; and the monastery is supplied with a large number of these private chapels, each very lovely, and with its own complete set of vestments. Sext is at ten, and service was again at noon ; and then after that, as it was a Sunday, the first meal of the day was taken in the refectory. On other days this meal—call it breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, which you will—is taken in the solitude of the cell ; but on Sundays the Fathers eat together in their refectory, while one of them, from the beautiful stone pulpit, reads in Latin a sermon, homily, or other matter to the assembled Fathers, a similar reading being carried on for the benefit of the Lay Brothers, in English or French, in the adjoining refectory. By one of the strictest rules of the Order no flesh food is on any account permitted under any circumstances. Eggs, fish, fruit, vegetables, milk, and bread in abundance constitute the meal, while small table-beer is the Carthusian's only beverage. The Prior has his portion at a separate table at the end of the room under the great crucifix ; but his food is identical with that of the Fathers, and in this, as in all other matters, he is similar to them. Differing in no way in habit from the rest, he yet reigns with a kindly rule and a quasi-episcopal authority, and is bound "to edify the brethren by the practice of every virtue and observance of every rule."

One can perfectly believe in a strict adherence to this rule, when permitted to know the present Prior, Father Victor Doreau. The most courteous and kindly, the most affable and generous of men, he yet bears, distinctly marked upon his beaming features, the lines that betoken firmness of rule, austerity of life, and unswerving devotion to duty. The Procurator, who is next in command (Father Peter), is a tall, handsome man, with rich curly hair, and possessing a most winning smile. Into his hands we were committed after the midday meal, and under his guidance made a survey of the monastery. The dwelling that is apportioned to each Father claims especial

notice. There are nearly forty little houses around the huge quadrangular cloister, each having its separate entrance into the cloister. Our friend, Father Lawrence, was sojourning temporarily at another Chartreuse, so it was his house or cell that we visited.

We enter first a covered ambulatory, a sort of diminutive cloister, in which the good Fathers may meditate pacing to and fro. Opening from this is a workshop, containing a turning lathe, and often provided with appliances and materials for carving, carpentry, bookbinding, the casting of statues, or other pious handicraft. Beyond is a wood house, and from it we enter a tiny square garden, which in many of the cells is bright with gaily coloured flowers, and in some planted with vegetables or decked with fruit. Upstairs are two bright rooms, airy and full of light, and by the industry of their occupant as clean as constant scrubbing can make them. In the inner room is the bedstead with its mattress and bolster both stuffed with straw, and with its two woollen sheets, as linen or calico would be a luxury far beyond necessity. Shrouded by a curtain, we hardly notice at first this plainest and simplest of beds. Near by is the *prie-dieu* with its *miserere* stall and books of devotion ; below the window is a table for study ; near at hand are bookshelves and cupboards ; in the centre of the room is a small stove ; and in a sort of scullery opening from the room are the appliances for washing. The outer room is the more usual place for study. Its cupboard shelves are lined with books, and its writing-table bears the signs of constant use. The statue of Our Lady adorns the mantel-shelf, the crucifix is found in the inner room, and in this little house, with all its austere simplicity, the Carthusian Father spends his silent life. Save when in church for the constantly recurring services, in the refectory for his festal meals, or taking his exercise, it is in this little house that his time is passed. Once a week he may go for a good long walk in the country around the monastery, and on Sundays and great festivals two

hours' recreation in the park around the walls is permitted. As we crossed an open door on that bright September afternoon there passed in view five of the Fathers hurrying along under the trees. Their hearty shouts of laughter as they passed us, their beaming looks, and the storm of conversation, all betokened the presence of a wholesome joy that was natural and delightful, and gave emphasis to the rule that during recreation talking is not only permitted, but enjoined.

From the cell we returned to the cloister, and through a door enter into the quiet of the cemetery. Since our last visit one more member of the Community has passed away, and some four graves, each with its wooden head-cross of perfect plainness, are beneath the turf at our feet. Towering above is the great cemetery cross, and all around is the grassy meadow enclosed by the quadrangular cloister. The laughter from the park reaches us, the singing of the birds is the only other sound, and with bare heads we stand in this peaceful spot and murmur the old thought that in the midst of life we are in death. The chapel for the Lay Brothers is visited, and the two chapter-houses, where for consultation and for special ceremonials the two classes of the Order meet. A fine painting of the Crucifixion adorns the eastern end of the Fathers' chapter-house, and figures of the saintly founders of the six great Orders are upon the altar below it. These marble statues of SS. Bruno, Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Robert, and Herbert, well repay examination; but the Orders they founded of Carthusians, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Cistercians, and Premonstratensians constitute their best monument.

We then enter the church, passing the altar toward the vestry, and glancing as we pass at the jewels on the door of the tabernacle. A youthful Father, the youngest of the band, whose relatives we have met in the outer world, enters the vestry carrying a basket of white altar linen. Have we ever looked



upon a happier face or seen a brighter countenance than his? The face of this youthful Father has riveted our attention, and were we artists in search of a model whose whole life seemed imbued with joy, to St. Hugh's we should come for the subject of our pencil. The gorgeous vestments to be worn at to-morrow's festival are ready laid for use. They are heavy with cloth of gold, and as beautiful as the most exquisite embroidery can make them. Here truly there is no lack of that true devotion that offers to God in sublimest of services workmanship the rarest and most costly that can be produced. Priceless dainty lace of gossamer lightness, and needlework of such fineness that it resembles miniature painting, adorn these vestments; and in the midst of austere simplicity, and arising from it, we find that vast expenditure for the honour of God that is no less a feature of the Order than is the simple life of the Community itself.

A winding staircase, a short passage, and then we have passed from the vestry into the scriptorium. A noble room of grand proportions is this library. It will hold twenty thousand volumes, and is more than half full already. Here are treasures indeed. Manuscripts of early ages, illuminated horæ and missals, folios rich in the golden glory of Italian binding, and containing works of patristic and theological lore. All the great authors of mediæval times, not a few rare *incunabulæ*, Dugdale's "Monasticon" in the finest condition, and many a well-known book on Abbeys, Monks, and Orders. Modern literature is not absent; the works of Manning, Newman, and Faber are, of course, to be seen; but there are also the writings of Macaulay and Tennyson, Wordsworth and Milton, and even Voltaire and Madame Guyon, while several fine atlases and works on the City of London, and on archæology, testify to the range of reading afforded to the Fathers.

But now it is time for Vespers, and each Father in turn is pulling the bell. After that service there is time for a walk

in the Garden, where we are joined by the Prior, who, after giving us permission to smoke, answers almost all our numerous questions. We learn that to the Queen of the country alone, as representative of womanhood, are the great doors opened, but to all others of her sex they are strictly closed. We are told of the absolute rule of the Grand Prior at Grenoble over all the Order ; but, more than all, we are told of the life of the Fathers, and of the sublime crucifixion to the world which it embodies. "*Mihi mundus crucifixus est et ego mundo*" is their motto, and in contempt for the customs of the world and indifference to its habits is their life passed. The power of earnest prayer, the duty of hearty praise, the sincerity of contemplation, manual labour, and recreative pleasure, these are the keynotes of the strange and hidden life. The austerity has its reason, the night office its necessity ; and to the one who, wearied of strife and longing for closer union with God, feels his vocation for a monastic life, the Chartreuse of St. Hugh will be no home of hard severity, but a city of peace and a home of perfect joy. One word as to the outer life and we have done. In mediæval times England's poor came to the monastery doors and received food, help, and medicine. Now with the expensive system of our Poor Law we are face to face with the social struggle for food. "*Rome never recedes,*" and at the gates of St. Hugh's the old duties are still carried out. To the poor who come is the bounty given ; and the fact that over £1,000, in one year alone, was expended in food and medicine, will testify to the practical benevolence.

Once again we must return to the Guesthouse. Our Lay Brother places before us an evening repast of omelette, fish, vegetables, cheese, and fruit, carried from the kitchen department in a cunningly devised felt-lined cabinet, and then leaving us over our wine to a quiet chat upon the events of the day he bids us farewell for the night. It is actually past six o'clock : at home we should be thinking of dinner ; here we are retiring to

rest, and by seven are sound asleep in the solitude of our rooms, resting till the great bell awakens us for the night office, and we arise for Matins and Lauds on the great festival of St. Bruno.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

*Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde.*

(LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.)

**S**COURGE, and cilice, and feet unshod,  
And Office, and fast, and the love of God.

The grille, and the cell, and the sweet Vows three,  
And the holy habit—for me! for me!

For me, who at first, in the state of grace,  
Blushed when the great sin looked in my face—

Who housed desire of it unconfessed  
In the bosom that once received God for its Guest—

Who, with peril and guilt of it all to me known,  
Drank of it, laved in it, made it mine own.

Oh! God of mine, nailed up on the Rood,  
Why hast Thou waited? oh! Kind—oh! Good—

God of my heart, on the bitter Tree  
Waiting, when I would not hear of Thee.

My sin loaded the scourge that tore  
To pieces the Body that Mary bore—

My sin launched the blows and disgrace  
To change and to mar all Thy beautiful Face—

And I, when for ever from pain Thou didst part,  
Clove to Its Centre Thy dear dead Heart—



My All! my Jesus! still can it be,  
Thy Heart and the holy habit—for me?

Through the sorrows of Mary Thy Mother, who stood  
With the sword in her soul beneath the Rood,

Through the added sorrow her grief brought Thee  
Assoil Thou those that have sinned through me. . . .

Chimes! . . . and another to-morrow near—  
And after to-morrow year on year. . . .

Lord, for such as I used to be  
I have given my body to grief and Thee,

To broken sleep, and girdle of iron,  
And scourgings to blood, and the flags to lie on—

Wait, wait but for them as for me Thou didst wait,  
Who came unwilling, and came so late—

Oh! Kind—oh! Gentle—I chose not Thee—  
My Jesus, why hast Thou chosen me?

Chimes . . . and the long night going its way  
Till the next chime bringeth another day—

Penance, and fast, and the feet unshod,  
And a living death, and the love of God.

MAY PROBYN.

*In Manuscript.*

ON a bitter evening of December, I arrived by mail in a large town which was then the residence of an intimate friend, one of those gifted youths who cultivate poetry and the belles-lettres, and call themselves students at law. As I have said, it was a bitter night, clear starlight, but cold as Nova Zembla—the shop windows along the street being frosted, so as almost to hide the lights, while the wheels of coaches thundered equally loud over frozen earth and pavements of stone. There was no snow either on the ground or the roofs of the houses. The wind blew so violently that I had but to spread my cloak like a mainsail and scud along the street at the rate of ten knots, greatly envied by other navigators, who were beating slowly up, with the gale right in their teeth. One of these I capsized, but was gone on the wings of the wind before he could even vociferate an oath.

After this picture of an inclement night, behold us seated by a great blazing fire, which looked so comfortable and delicious that I felt inclined to lie down and roll among the hot coals. The usual furniture was around us—rows of volumes in sheepskin, and a multitude of writs, summonses, and other legal papers scattered about. A tall, decanter-shaped bottle stood on the table, between two tumblers, and beside a pile of blotted manuscripts, altogether dissimilar to any law documents recognised in our courts. My friend, whom I shall call Oberon—it was a name of fancy and friendship between him and me—my friend Oberon looked at these papers with a peculiar expression of disquietude.

"I do believe," said he, soberly, "or, at least, I could believe, if I chose, that there is a devil in this pile of blotted papers. You have read them, and know what I mean—that conception in which I endeavoured to embody the character of a fiend, as represented in our traditions and the written records of witchcraft. O! I have a horror of what was created in my own brain, and shudder at the manuscripts in which I gave that dark idea a sort of material existence. Would they were out of my sight!"

"And of mine, too," thought I.

"You remember," continued Oberon, "how the hellish thing used to suck away the happiness of those who, by a simple concession that seemed almost innocent, subjected themselves to his power. Just so my peace is gone, and all by these accursed manuscripts. Have you felt nothing of the same influence?"

"Nothing," replied I, "unless the spell be hid in a desire to turn novelist, after reading your delightful tales."

"Novelist!" exclaimed Oberon, half seriously. "Then, indeed, my devil has his claw on you! You are gone! You cannot even pray for deliverance! But we will be the last and only victims; for this night I mean to burn the manuscripts, and commit the fiend to his retribution in the flames."

"Burn your tales!" repeated I, startled at the desperation of the idea.

"Even so," said the author despondingly. "You cannot conceive what an effect the composition of these tales has had on me. I have become ambitious of a bubble, and careless of solid reputation. I am surrounding myself with shadows, which bewilder me, by aping the realities of life. They have drawn me aside from the beaten path of the world, and led me into a strange sort of solitude—a solitude in the midst of men—where nobody wishes for what I do, nor thinks nor feels as I do. The tales have done all this. When they are ashes perhaps I shall be as I was before they had existence. Moreover, the sacrifice is less than you may suppose; since nobody will publish them."

"That does make a difference," said I.

"They have been offered, by letter," continued Oberon, reddening with vexation, "to some seventeen publishers. It would make you stare to read their answers; and read them you should, only that I burnt them as fast as they arrived. One man publishes nothing but school-books; another has five novels already under examination."

"What a voluminous mass the unpublished literature must be!" cried I.

"O! the Alexandrian manuscripts were nothing to it," said my friend. "Well, another gentleman is just giving up business, on purpose, I verily believe, to escape publishing my book. Several, however, would not absolutely decline the agency, on my advancing half the cost of an edition, and giving bonds for the remainder, besides a high percentage to themselves, whether the book sells or not. Another advises a subscription."

"The villain!" exclaimed I.

"A fact!" said Oberon. "In short, of all the seventeen booksellers, only one has vouchsafed even to read my tales; and he—a literary dabbler himself, I should judge—has the impertinence to criticise them, proposing what he calls vast improvements, and concluding, after a general sentence of condemnation, with the definite assurance that he will not be concerned on any terms."

"It might not be amiss to pull that fellow's nose," remarked I.

"If the whole trade had one common nose, there would be some satisfaction in pulling it," answered the author.

"But, after all, you might publish on your own account."

"And so I might," replied Oberon. "But these people have put me so out of conceit with the tales, that I loathe the very thought of them, and actually experience a physical sickness whenever I glance at them on the table. I tell you there is a demon in them! I anticipate a wild enjoyment in seeing them



in the blaze ; such as I should feel in taking vengeance on an enemy, or in destroying something noxious."

I did not very strenuously oppose this determination, being privately of opinion, in spite of my partiality for the author, that his tales would make a more brilliant appearance in the fire than anywhere else. Before proceeding to execution, we broached the bottle of champagne which Oberon had provided for keeping up his spirits in this doleful business. We swallowed each a tumblerful, in sparkling commotion ; it went bubbling down our throats, and brightened my eyes at once, but left my friend sad and heavy as before. He drew the tales towards him, with a mixture of natural affection and natural disgust, like a father taking a deformed infant into his arms.

"Pooh ! Pish ! Pshaw !" exclaimed he, holding them at arm's length. "It was Gray's idea of Heaven, to lounge on a sofa and read new novels. Now, what more appropriate torture would Dante himself have contrived, for the sinner who perpetrates a bad book, than to be continually turning over the manuscript?"

"It would fail of effect," said I, "because a bad author is always his own great admirer."

"I lack that one characteristic of my tribe—the only desirable one," observed Oberon. "But how many recollections throng upon me as I turn over these leaves ! This scene came into my fancy as I walked along a hilly road on a starlight October evening ; in the pure and bracing air I became all soul, and felt as if I could climb the sky, and run a race along the Milky Way. Here is another tale, in which I wrapped myself during a dark and dreary night-ride in the month of March, till the rattling of the wheels and the voices of my companions seemed like faint sounds of a dream, and my visions a bright reality. That scribbled page describes shadows which I summoned to my bedside at midnight : they would not depart when I bade them ; the grey dawn came and found me wide awake and feverish, the victim of my own enchantments !"

"There must have been a sort of happiness in all this," said I, smitten with a strange longing to make proof of it.

"There may be happiness in a fever fit," replied the author. "And then the various moods in which I wrote! Sometimes my ideas were like precious stones under the earth, requiring toil to dig them up and care to polish and brighten them: but often a delicious stream of thought would gush out upon the page at once, like water sparkling up suddenly in the desert; and when it had passed, I gnawed my pen hopelessly, or blundered on with cold and miserable toil, as if there were a wall of ice between me and my subject."

"Do you now perceive a corresponding difference," inquired I, "between the passages which you wrote so coldly and those fervid flashes of the mind?"

"No," said Oberon, tossing the manuscripts on the table. "I find no traces of the golden pen with which I wrote in characters of fire. My treasure of fairy coin is changed to worthless dross."

My friend now threw sticks of wood and dry chips upon the fire, and seeing it blaze like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seized the champagne-bottle. The heady liquor combined with his agitation to throw him into a species of rage. He laid violent hands on the tales. In one instant more their faults and beauties would alike have vanished in a glowing purgatory. But, all at once, I remembered passages of high imagination, deep pathos, original thoughts, and points of such varied excellence, that the vastness of the sacrifice struck me most forcibly. I caught his arm.

"Surely you do not mean to burn them!" I exclaimed.

"Let me alone!" cried Oberon, his eyes flashing fire. "I will burn them! Not a scorched syllable shall escape! No! There go the tales! May my hand wither when it would write another!"

The deed was done. He had thrown the manuscripts into

the hottest of the fire, which at first seemed to shrink away, but soon curled around them and made them a part of its own fervent brightness. Oberon stood gazing at the conflagration, and shortly began to soliloquise, in the wildest strain, as if Fancy resisted and became riotous, at the moment when he would have compelled her to ascend that funeral pile. His words described objects which he appeared to discern in the fire, fed by his own precious thoughts: perhaps the thousand visions which the writer's magic had incorporated with these pages became visible to him in the dissolving heat, brightening forth ere they vanished for ever; while the smoke, the vivid sheets of flame, the ruddy and whitening coals, caught the aspect of a varied scenery.

"They blaze," said he, "as if I had steeped them in the intensest spirit of genius. There I see my lovers clasped in each other's arms. How pure the flame that bursts from their glowing hearts! And yonder the features of a villain writhing in the fire that shall torment him to eternity. My holy men, my pious and angelic women, stand like martyrs amid the flames, their mild eyes lifted heavenward. Ring out the bells! A city is on fire. See!—destruction roars through my dark forests, while the lakes boil up in steaming billows, and the mountains are volcanoes, and the sky kindles with a lurid brightness! All elements are but one pervading flame! Ha! The fiend!"

I was somewhat startled by this latter exclamation. The tales were almost consumed, but just then threw forth a broad sheet of fire, which flickered as with laughter, making the whole room dance in its brightness, and then roared portentously up the chimney.

"You saw him? You must have seen him!" cried Oberon. "How he glared at me and laughed, in that last sheet of flame, with just the features that I imagined for him! Well! The tales are gone."

The papers were indeed reduced to a heap of black cinders, with a multitude of sparks hurrying confusedly among them, the traces of the pen being now represented by white lines, and the whole mass fluttering to and fro in the draughts of air. The destroyer knelt down to look at them.

"What is more potent than fire!" said he in his gloomiest tone. "Even thought, invisible and incorporeal as it is, cannot escape it. In this little time it has annihilated the creations of long nights and days, which I could no more reproduce, in their first glow and freshness, than cause ashes and whitened bones to rise up and live. There, too, I sacrificed the unborn children of my mind. All that I had accomplished—all that I planned for future years—has perished by one common ruin, and left only this heap of embers! The deed has been my fate. And what remains? A weary and aimless life—a long repentance of this hour—and at last an obscure grave, where they will bury and forget me!"

As the author concluded his dolorous moan, the extinguished embers arose and settled down and arose again, and finally flew up the chimney, like a demon with sable wings. Just as they disappeared there was a loud and solitary cry in the street below us. "Fire! Fire!" Other voices caught up that terrible word, and it speedily became the shout of a multitude. Oberon started to his feet in fresh excitement.

"A fire on such a night!" cried he. "The wind blows a gale, and wherever it whirls the flames the roofs will flash up like gunpowder. Every pump is frozen up, and boiling water would turn to ice the moment it was flung from the engine. In an hour this wooden town will be one great bonfire! What a glorious scene for my next—Pshaw!"

The street was now all alive with footsteps, and the air full of voices. We heard one engine thundering round a corner, and another rattling from a distance over the pavements. The bells of three steeples clanged out at once, spreading the alarm



to many a neighbouring town, and expressing hurry, confusion, and terror so inimitably that I could almost distinguish in their peal the burthen of the universal cry—"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"What is so eloquent as their iron tongues!" exclaimed Oberon. "My heart leaps and trembles, but not with fear. And that other sound, too—deep and awful as a mighty organ—the roar and thunder of the multitude on the pavement below! Come! We are losing time. I will cry out in the loudest of the uproar, and mingle my spirit with the wildest of the confusion, and be a bubble on the top of the ferment!"

From the first outcry my forebodings had warned me of the true object and centre of alarm. There was nothing now but uproar, above, beneath, and around us; footsteps stumbling pell-mell up the public staircase, eager shouts and heavy thumps at the door, the whiz and dash of water from the engines, and the crash of furniture thrown upon the pavement. At once the truth flashed upon my friend. His frenzy took the hue of joy, and, with a wild gesture of exultation, he leaped almost to the ceiling of the chamber.

"My tales!" cried Oberon. "The chimney! The roof! The Fiend has gone forth by night, and startled thousands in fear and wonder from their beds! Here I stand—a triumphant author! Huzza! Huzza! My brain has set the town on fire! Huzza!"

N. HAWTHORNE.

*“The very Stones shall cry out.”*

THERE are few cities in England which offer so many subjects of interest for Catholics, and which, either directly or indirectly, afford so many considerations concerning the religion of the past, as the city of Ely. There are few places, too, which are so little known. St. Etheldreda is a name which recently has become familiar to us by the Catholic restoration of what originally was the London chapel of the Bishops of Ely; but the place where she lived and died, the buildings which she commenced, and the Saints with whom she was connected, are known but little to those who profess and prize the religion which was so dear to her.

Situated about seventy miles from London, and about fifteen from Cambridge, the city, which can boast of an existence of 1,200 years and more, is just seen by travellers journeying by the Great Eastern Railway to the north of England. The turrets of its magnificent Cathedral, and the tower over the western entrance, force themselves upon the eyes of the approaching stranger when he is still miles away. The whole of the building, standing out majestically upon a hill, and surrounded in the valley beneath by the houses of the citizens, seems to beg the itinerant nineteenth century busy-body to wait just a moment to view the various architectural features and beauties which bygone ages were not ashamed to loiter over in making perfect. But the train whirls by, and carries its living freight with it; those whom destiny or accident compels to wait for a convenient express down to the north or up to the metropolis are too much occupied to be interested in a sleepy old city and

do not stir from the station ; so the Cathedral of Ely is left to listen to the ripples of its elder companion, the river, and when tired of that to fall back on its memories of "what was." These "memories" may more eloquently speak of themselves than by aid of a writer, be he never so clever a penman ; and we will, therefore, listen, now and again putting in some explanatory remark of our own.

"I tell you what," says the river Ouse mournfully, "it seems to me the times are changed, old lady, since I first saw men busy themselves with erecting you. We are both now old compared with those rattling, screaming, whistling vehicles which rush so unceremoniously over me, and which treat you with so little courtesy. Time was, you know, and that before you stood by my side, when not a soul passed over me except to enter the town and wait some little time to pray. But that is quite gone out of vogue, and everyone ——."

"Yes," answered the Cathedral proudly "times *are* changed. I've not seen the cowl of a monk in these parts for many a year ; and as for Nuns, well, I believe I have observed some very devout persons, now and again, about this locality who have not the same dress as the rest of women, but who are certainly different from our Nuns. The ancient Religious is gone ; and yet, if my poor old sisters, those dilapidated buildings over the wall, are right, she ought to have a special predilection for this place."

There seemed to be a merry, and even a mischievous, sound in the voice of this personified Cathedral, as she spoke of Nuns and alluded to her "poor old sisters over the wall," it was her usual way of awakening them from their sleepiness. She had scarcely concluded her little speech when the whole of them commenced, straightway, simultaneously a-talking. There *was* an uproar ! "Nuns," they cried ; and one and all rattled away in lapidarian dialect the story of the origin, progress, and final dissolution of the conventual establishment within their walls. At such a rate did they proceed, and with such vehemence, that

each and all were in approximate danger of dying of ædeficial apoplexy, which, as everyone knows, consists in the roof's falling in, or a gable, or a parapet, or battlement's falling out. At this juncture the eldest of them, who seemed to be in a very sad and infirm condition, from the various means which architectural doctors had taken to keep her alive, entreated them to be silent and to let her speak. She was a little chapel; and to such an extent had she suffered from the hands of individuals who, good-naturedly enough, thought themselves justified in endeavouring to make her appear young and fresh, that a passing observer would fail to think that she could remember the events of many centuries. Yet sure enough, there she was; that quoined work told certainly of Saxon hands; that peculiar little window with triangular arch despised the Norman and Early English styles evidently: few were the reliques, it is true, but there they were, speaking in a very conclusive way that the chapel was first built in the seventh century. The decorated east window was pretty, but it had been placed there only a few years; and that, and a buttress or two which later ages, with a rude kindness, had placed as adornments, were but modern indeed compared with the foundations. The poor old thing—for it would be adding insult to injury to denominate her as young—having quieted her elderly sisters, commenced her favourite theme: "It is well enough for you, my dear Cathedral, to remind us of those who, long ago, were accustomed to live and worship in these parts, and upon this very spot. Your bantering is kindly meant, we know; although even you, with all your losses and sufferings, can scarcely understand our sorrow and indignation. You were the offspring of a later age than ours; you represent the more than human fancies of the thirteenth, the fourteenth, and the fifteenth centuries; and you have been the birthplace, the nursery, and the home of the scholar, the architect, and the diplomatist whom you mourn. But we, affording no grace nor beauty in the form of our erection, representing no wonderful



images conceived by the human mind, and grieving for no scholar, lament rather Saints who made their residence within us at a time when England was the birthplace of the holy, the nursery of the pious, the home of God's beloved, and the island of the Blessed. While you regret the loss of your learned men, we, on the other hand, have those now powerful with God, who, by their absence, by the little knowledge of them and love for them which their countrymen have, and by their own seeming forgetfulness of the town and land they were so fond of, cause us to be sad. There was St. Etheldreda"——"And Sexburga," hastily added another little building, "and Ermenilda and Wurburga." In fact, so loud a chorus did these antiquated little edifices set up, and so often, and with such variations of narrative, did they try to impress upon everything the greatness of the persons represented by these names, that an old, broken Norman arch over the wall besought them eagerly to be quiet. "For," he continued, significantly, "I am under the impression that the strange people whose possession we now are do not like, and, moreover, will not permit, this kind of admiration for what we call Saints. They will not allow even the images of them, you know; and were so cruel to many of the figures and representations of them about these parts as to behead the whole lot! Poor things! The Saints, of whom they were the symbols, never did anything but kindness; and they, themselves, were the most well-conducted statues I ever saw; for, you see these niches just above me; well, they were once"—

But her Saxon Ladyship would not allow the loquacious arch to continue; for she feared, from what past experience had taught her, that he was opening out into the subject of the iconoclasm and vandalism of the so-called Reformation. This question always upset every one of them; and they were unwell for days after any imprudent building or its part had happened to dilate upon it. She hastily, therefore, and we should say very rudely, interrupted him and continued her subject: "Ah! well,

I remember," she said, "the day when I stood completed, a chapel consecrated to God, and dedicated to His service! I was a Saxon edifice, and those who placed me here differed in face and expression, dress and ornament, language and sentiment, from those who live within us now, or have erected these many houses around us. I can see them now, it seems to me, with their long flaxen hair waving in the breeze; with their blue eyes, gentle enough in times of peace, flashing and fiery in times of war, at all times full of expression. Sometimes I hear, even now, a few words of that tongue; all that this present people says with affection and love, all that shows the angry heart, all that their children lisp and chatter to one another, *that* is the leavings of the language of a people full of heart and generous feelings. Attired in loose tunic reaching to their knees, and gathered in with girdle at their waist, these people, ever hardy and strong, dug out my foundations, placed brick upon brick or stone upon stone, until my walls were uplifted, and made the air vibrate and echo as they beat the lead which formed my roof, and squared the beams to support it. They did not fashion me with stately columns and with pillars such as support our graceful sister the Cathedral. No buttresses without, surmounted with pinnacles delicately chiselled out with crocket and finial; no oriels or wheels were my windows within to make my interior pleasing to the eye with their glass of divers hues and colours. I was made simple, like the folk who lived in Ely at that time. The arch of my doorway was triangular, the corners of my walls like the tower of Earl's Barton Church, my pillars low and arches long and large like St. Edward's crypt, and my windows plain without mullion or transom. Well, on the day of my dedication——" Now, the old thing had come to that which was always a very tender point with her in her reminiscences, and—whether in consequence of a small shower which had come on, or whether because of the momentary gloom which this part of her narration caused, we cannot say—two or three very bright drops

of water trickled from the gargoyles surrounding her. After a moment's pause she resumed her recollections: "But I will not describe to you the festivity which accompanied my consecration, for I see my sister, the Cathedral, with amused look, essaying to inform you that it was nothing compared with hers. We all know how true this is ; in pomp, in display, in gorgeous magnificence of costly vestment, and in the exhibition of the dresses of baron and knight, her opening-day was made more brilliant than mine. But I can boast with truth of a feature in my consecration which in hers was absent. It was a saintly Bishop who signed my walls with the Cross of Christ ; who set my altar ablaze with burning, flaming, crucial incense ; who offered for the first time on it the Sacrifice for the Living and the Dead ; and they were Saints who within me first commenced that daily and nightly melody of the Psalms of David. It was Etheldreda who had me erected ; Etheldreda who, in company with other women, chose this spot in the Isle of Ely ; Etheldreda, who made this place a sanctuary for those who wished to serve God better, and to forget a world in which nothing is stable nor lasting ; Etheldreda and her sisters, who loved my walls better than palaces, and preferred to keep my doors to dwelling in the courts of princes. Of what she did before she came to settle here we know nothing ; but her life in these buildings we saw. It was here that Saxon England's favourite Saint prayed and fasted, joined in praise of psalm and hymn, bore her lingering illness with the greatest patience, at the same time guiding others who, like her, had left all things to 'follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.' It is years now since I heard them, but only a few yards from here the monastic brethren were accustomed to chant verses to this saintly woman, and ——" Strange to say, while she spoke there seemed to be heard, at no great distance, the sound of many singer's who, by the deepness of their tones, were, without a doubt, those monks of whom she had made mention. The music came

slowly up what was once a corridor built along the whole length of the south side of the Cathedral. At first, both the melody and the words were unintelligible; at every step the manly voices became more distinct, the metre of the verse could be made out, and the air of the music could be recognised; and at last it became plain and plainer, loud and louder, until the words of St. Bede's ode to St. Etheldreda fell upon the ears of all:

Alma Deus Trinitas quæ sæcula cuncta gubernas  
Adhuc jam cæptis, alma Deus Trinitas.

It was not the first time that that sacred song had been heard there, evidently. The windows shook with delight, and everyone is aware that in such manner do edifices, like human beings, show their appreciation of music; and the sound went echoing and re-echoing through the corridor and chapel, and in and out of the tiny rooms which once were the cells of monk or nun. Our ancient friend seemed most pleased with the lines:

Quid petis alma virum sponso jam dedita summo  
Sponsus adest Christus quid petis alma virum.

and the modern chimney-pots were in imminent danger of falling crash to the ground, so moved were their possessors with pleasure at the response:

Regis ut ætherei matrem jam credo sequaris  
Tu quoque sis mater regis ut ætherei.

The hymn was barely finished, in fact, the monks were just bringing out the final *pneuma* after completing the last word, when a voice—a stony voice—was heard issuing from the door of the Cathedral opening out into the corridor already mentioned. There could be no doubt about the fact; the cross of St. Wine was endeavouring to add its recollections to those of the chapel. He had found a home in this great Cathedral of Ely, and was placed near the south door; and age had so played the destroyer upon him, as to leave just the stone base and a part of the stem. It was the first time he had been known to speak; for his misfortune, which consisted, as the reader



will already understand, in the default of arms and head, made him naturally reserved. He could, however, contain himself no longer; but, having heard the hymn of the monks, he felt obliged to break his customary silence and make some remarks. “The lines which have so enraptured us all,” he commenced, “I have often heard when standing, as you know I used to do, upon the public road near Lichfield. I was a wayside cross, placed, like many of my brethren up and down this land, to remind the traveller of Him Who died upon Mount Calvary, and to bring to their remembrance how He desired mankind to bear its cross with equanimity like to that which He displayed in bearing His. For in those days the act of travelling was a trial, and most of those who were engaged in journeying did so with heavy hearts. Many times has the poor pilgrim knelt before me; and I have heard his words of penitence, have seen his tears of sorrow, have noticed his resolution of reform, and remarked how the very sight of His Master’s cross gave him joy, and peace, and happiness. The peasant children would play around me and pray when they had done, with that trust and confidence which the young alone seem to possess. There were occasions when the mourners, taking the body of one to his last resting-place, would wait awhile by me, and, with tearful eyes and tremulous lips, would say a *De Profundis*; and sometimes a mixed assembly would surround me, and rich and poor, young and old, baron and serf, the man of fourscore and the boy of twelve, would entreat their Saviour for blessings needed and offer Him their gratitude for mercies given. But I am wandering. There is to be seen upon the base of me: ‘*Lucem æternam Deus Ovino et requiem da ei æternam.*’ That Ovin or Wine was connected closely with your St. Etheldreda. He was the head of her house and the administrator of her affairs; he is mentioned by St. Bede as *monachus magni meriti*; and when he had accompanied her from East Anglia to Northumbria, and again from

her husband's house to Coldingham, he' joined the brethren of Lichfield, and under the saintly Bishop Chad he learned to serve in the courts of God in place of serving in the homes of princes. For your Etheldreda, his mistress, was the daughter of a king, her father was Anna of East Anglia; she was the wife of a prince whose name was Tondberct, and who died shortly after the nuptials were solemnised; and she married, finally, Ecgfrith, King of Northumbria. Consequently, the writer of the hymn we have just heard asks:

'Why seekest thou a husband,  
Whose Spouse is Christ the Lord?'

and then answers:

'That thou mayest be like Mary,  
The mother of Heaven's King.'

For, although married, she kept inviolate the vow of virginity she had made; and in this manner was she like that ever-blessed Mother of God whom the people of her times honoured so much and loved. It was with her husband's consent that she, at last, withdrew herself from the cares of the world; it was much to his sorrow, but with his permission, that she went away from the palace of an earthly monarch: he was troubled at her wish, for he loved none more dearly than her, and knew that among men she had affection for none but him. Yet he bade her go, and sorrowfully yielded her to that Master Who had chosen her, and who had a greater claim to her than he could have. Ah! they were Saints in those days" (again the Norman arch looked anxious, but the Cross of St. Wine did not mind whether or not the people of modern times had no relish for Saints). "They were Saints in those days," he continued; "it was St. Wilfrid who gave her the veil; St. Hilda lived at that time and must have been known to her; it was St. Wine who prayed for her, and St. Chad must have had some knowledge of her. How can I better describe to you the deep religious spirit which at that time filled the breasts of all of

these, and among them that of St. Etheldreda, than by narrating that sweet story told by the Saxon historian concerning the last named saintly Bishop: 'Now if, peradventure, while he (Chad) was reading or engaged in any other occupation, a greater wind than usual arose, at once he would invoke God's mercy, and ask Him to show His loving kindness to the human race. And if a more violent wind blew, he closed his book, fell upon his face, and gave himself very earnestly to prayer. But if a tempest came, or black clouds spread over the skies, or if thunder and lightning cast terror upon bird and beast and man, then he betook himself to the church, and gave himself intently up to prayers and saying psalms, until the weather was calmed and the storm was gone away. Now, when he was asked by some of his brethren why he acted thus, his answer was: "Have ye never read that 'the Lord hath thundered from Heaven, and the Most High hath given forth His voice. He hath sent out His arrows and dispersed them, He hath increased His lightnings and troubled them.' For it is the Lord Who moveth the elements in the air, Who arouseth the winds, Who darteth out His lightnings, and Who thundereth from on high. By it He desireth to awaken mortals to fear Him, to recall to their minds the remembrance of the judgment that is to be, to put to flight their pride, and to confound their boldness. For the storm is but a foreshadowing to mankind of that affrighting day when Heaven and earth shall pass away in flames, and God shall come in the clouds with power and great majesty to judge the quick and dead. Wherefore," he continued, "with proper fear and love we should answer this heavenly warning in this way, that, when God disquiets the elements of the air, and threateningly puts forth His hand as if to strike, but yet strikes not, we at once beseech His loving kindness, and with a clean heart and upright intention so anxiously labour that we deserve not to be smitten".'

During the whole of this simple narrative a little stained-glass

window, whose gaudy red and blue tints clearly manifested its recent erection, was noticed to blush and was heard to whisper to itself: "In those ages, how much more trusting in the Almighty's power and protection men seem to have been. Yet *this* I have heard the people of these days characterise as superstition and ignorance; but who can help feeling that, call it what they will, it was that which to-day the world misses so—the childish faith in God's supreme power, and the simple confidence that we are safe under the shadow of His wing."

The Cross of St. Wine still continued his tale: "It was at Coldingham, then, that St. Etheldreda learned the true spirit of religion; and the spirit of true religion was, for those who had put aside worldly cares and concerns, a spirit which made men angels almost while still in the flesh. It taught them that the body must be subjected to the soul, and made them, long before death, sigh for the deliverance of the soul that it might be with Christ, 'which is far better.' Not that life upon this earth had made itself tedious to them from unhappy worldly circumstances. They lived on earth, and loved to live there because God willed it. Innocency of character, and purity of soul, and the unity of heart by mutual love between all living under the same conventual roof, kept off the many sorrows which afflict the life of man. The tedium of life which they experienced arose from the knowledge that the present existence is but the commencement of a better one; that in that better one lived visibly present the object of their intensest love; and that His great wish and desire was that they should be where He also was. Therefore they sighed to be dissolved, and, unlike mortals now, counted joyfully the lessening years, and months, and days, before bright death should open to them the gates and portals of their Lover's home and palace. And ought not every Christian so to live and sigh? But I will not wander from my subject. Such was the spirit which lived in your Saint. She excelled even the Saints among whom she had made her home.



Greater than theirs was her goodness and sanctity ; profounder than theirs was her forgetfulness of herself and her will ; and so intent, above the rest, had she become on the one matter of fitting herself to live with her Divine Bridegroom in Heaven, by living as He counselled here, that within a year she was selected as a guide and a ruler, an example and a director, for others. She was suited to be an Abbess ; but where should be the monastery ? She chose her own country of East Anglia, a flat and barren waste partly covered by marsh and bog, where the east wind made the men so daring and fierce that gentle Christianity needed more assistance there than elsewhere. Even when a child the name of St. Felix of Burgundy had been upon the lips of everyone about her father's palace ; for he was the man ordained by God to convert the people to the yoke of Christ."

The river seemed to be troubled about something or other, and hastily exclaimed : "Why, that is that Felix who afterwards was regarded as the patron Saint of East Anglia ! He was Bishop of Dunwich, you know, and after his death they buried him at Soham, about six miles from here. The church there has a fine old painting of him, on its walls, which you really ought to see ; though I can remember the time ——." We shall never know, perhaps, exactly what this good river did remember, for the Cathedral bells set up such a peal, and made such a din, that it was impossible, under such circumstances, for anyone to be heard. To the human mind this might seem mysterious, and once granted that these inanimate things whose experiences we are considering are endowed with thinking and speaking powers, positively brutish ; for to interrupt another is sufficiently ill-mannered, but to silence him by sheer superiority of pulmonary strength admits of no excuse. No one, however, in this instance, was disturbed, or considered that the bells had overstepped the mark ; but there at once fell upon the whole of the buildings, and, in fact, upon all their

parts and contents and surroundings, a deep silence. The Cross of Ovin would not proceed; the poor antiquated and crumbling buildings, one and all, did not venture even to ejaculate or exclaim; the river immediately stopped its interesting information about St. Felix, and the trees made no stir; they all seemed to feel that, when a consecrated church bell rang, something very important was about to take place, and that they, therefore, must observe a respectful quietness. They had only waited one moment in expectation when, from the places where the hymn of St. Etheldreda had been sung, a human voice was heard. There was a richness and a fulness in its tone which, even when lowered in the sad and solemn parts of the story it narrated, caused it on all sides to be heard distinctly; and when it spoke of incidents which moved the unseen speaker to loud and fervid tones of admiration, never was it shrill nor rasping, but always musical and pleasing. Like the notes of some instrument of music, every word it said was tuneful, and every sentence rose and fell, and fell and rose again, just as the summer breeze alternately brings to our ears the distant tone of the church bell and bears it off again. "I have heard," it commenced, "the words of a poet of these latter days speak in praise of a mind shut off from the outer world. These are his words:

O blest seclusion! When the mind admits  
The law of duty; and can therefore move  
Through the vicissitude of loss and gain,  
Linked in entire complacence with her choice.

That 'blest seclusion' was mine; the law of duty was to me the greatest delight; and that form of life, which both the age I lived in and the place of my birth so easily allowed of, was to me a pleasure. Within the grey walls of the monastery at Jarrow I spent my days, knowing no other road but that which led a little distance from the doors; busied with thoughts of God, with cares of my own soul and the souls of my brethren

and pupils ; occupied, when free from thoughts of my Maker and Redeemer, in drawing from the fountain of knowledge the streams which I judged myself called to send flowing on to others. Then, at that time, religion and knowledge were inseparable, the former being accounted necessary for the acquisition of the latter. Knowledge was, and, with all men say to the contrary, is still, the sister of Religion, ever ready and able to assist her in making clear and lucid to the minds of men those truths which she, out of reverence, hides in mysteries. And Religion, on her side, guides this younger sister through the many dark and labyrinthal paths which God has not forbidden her to enter, with faith sustaining her lest, in her youthful ardour, she fall from truth's narrow path into the abyss of falsity. In those days, when kings and princes were disputing about the possession of the various parts of this land, and day and night were rendered terrible by blast of war-horn, cry of soldiers, clash of sword and axe on helmet and shield, what would have been the fate of Knowledge had not Religion aided her and kept her safe? It would be wrong for me to speak in flattering words of my own self, who, though many ages now have praised me, yet feel the least among many nobler brethren ; but had it not been for men like Benedict and Ceolfrith, my masters, and Theodorus, and Wilfrid, and Felix, and Cuthbert, religion would have died in England, and so would art and science have done. The two first mentioned of these men taught me : Saints both of them, and scholars. Of the former it is truly said that '*Copia librorum advescit*'; and that he made God's house pleasant and beautiful by introducing the use of glass windows, of various coloured emblems, pictures, and representations. The last received me from my mother's arms at Jarrow, where I lived and prayed, studied, read, wrote, taught, and died." It was at this moment that one of the buildings, which in monastic times had been used as a library, whispered softly to its neighbour :

"We are listening to the saintly historian of Saxon Eng-

land of whom it is said, 'First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Jarrow that English literature strikes its roots.' But let us be quiet and hear him!" "Suffer me," continued the shade of St. Bede, "to add my small amount of information concerning that Etheldreda to whom, while living, I was so devoted. But be not, however, surprised if I mention other things which that glorious Saxon age can proudly boast of having seen and accomplished. O walls of Ely, now mouldering away, or transfigured to suit the fancies and the fads of modern architect and mason, you and a few poor shattered, wasted ruins up and down this land are the only remains of an age rich in men and women whose first thought was the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness! Where shall we find a time so strictly religious as that was; where meet with records whose every page breathes such a spirit of deep conviction of God's continual presence, as in those of that period; where meet with men, like those, whose every word contained a spiritual lesson, and whose every action savoured of the actions of their Divine Master! You have heard of Chad, whose soul was borne away to Heaven by angels. You have been told of Wine, who saw the sight and heard those angels singing. They were but two of a great assemblage of men and women who, now in Heaven, pray for the land their feet have walked upon, their tears have blessed, their labours have made Christian, and their prayers glorified. Many of them came from that Rome which has ever professed with truth the Catholic religion, and whose Church, as I wrote while living, is itself the Church of Christ. Well might one in these latter days exclaim:

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul,  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.

For, without a parent for the noble aspirations that have ever moved in the hearts of the peoples in this island, they sent to



that Rome a first and a second time, and received as their fathers Augustine and Laurence, Mellitus and Paulinus, Justin and Theodorus. Iona, too, 'whereon Christian piety's soul-cheering spark shone like the morning star,' sent us her Saints, who sowed here the seeds of holiness which, springing up, made Saxon England the garden of the blessed. Of these were Colman and Aidan, Chad and Finian. The spirit of Iona lived again at Lindisfarne; and, as the mantle of Elias fell on Eliseus, giving him a double portion of the power of God, so Aidan and Chad became more gloriously manifest in Aldhelm, Cuthbert, and John of Beverley."

Much would the various edifices have wished to interrupt the spirit of Bede, and put to him questions, but they had not the courage. They had been man's servants always, and out of deference to their masters they could not bring themselves to add exclamation, interrogation, or observation to the narrative which the voice of one who at one time had lived was unfolding. He, therefore, continued without a pause: "These were men who not only spoke and preached, but directed their lives in accordance with their words and sentiments. Some chose a life of retirement from the rest of men; others united a life of prayer with activity for the good of their fellows; but all were remarkable for their great self-denial, mildness of temperament and speech, boundless faith, and intense piety. It would be better for men at present if, instead of ridiculing that age, they carried out its maxims more closely and felt the faith it felt more warmly. True, I myself have spoken with regret and sorrow concerning the un-Christian lives of some who lived then; but if I had to write now what should I say? Now how much laxity; how much irreligion; how much aberration, and how much unbelief! Now these latter form the rule, and their opposites the exception; but then the evil-doer and the doubting mind were as tares in a flourishing cornfield. From king to peasant might be observed the same simple fear of God. Who has not

heard of Oswald, King and Martyr, who called upon his army, placed in battle array, to bend itself before the cross which he had set up! 'Let us all bend our knees,' he cried, 'and together ask the Lord Omnipotent, loving and true, to defend us in His mercy from the proud and insolent enemy.' That hand that fought has never withered; that arm, so often outstretched to help the indigent, has never corrupted, but remains as a proof of Oswald's holiness and charity. Who has not read of Iman, a distant relative of your Saint! He was left for dead on the field of battle, but came to himself again, and his enemies heard his cries and bore him away to prison. But the chains they placed upon him were daily, at the same hour, broken, and nothing appeared to have the power to hurt him. Who does not know that it was the daily Mass which his brother, thinking him dead, offered for his soul, that wrought these wonders? For, as I have written: 'He knew, when his brother told him of it, that his bonds were broken mostly at those times when the Mass was solemnised for him; and he understood that the good fortune that had accrued to him, when in danger, was given him by Heaven through the intercession and sacrifice of his brother's Mass.'

"And as for the poorer classes, who has not heard that 'when a cleric or a priest came into their village they all at his command flocked to hear his word; that eagerly they listened to what he had to say, and that more eagerly still did they set about bringing into effect that which they understood and heard'? Or again: 'At that time, wheresoever a cleric or a monk happened to come, he was welcomed gladly by all, as the servant of God. And even if he was passing through on a journey, they ran to meet him, and bending their head rejoiced to receive his blessing, and with diligence listened to his words of advice. On Sundays, however, they besieged the churches and monasteries, not in order to rest or idle, but to hear the Word of God.' But I am wandering from the set

purpose I had in speaking : I wished to continue the narrative of the Cross of St. Wine concerning St. Etheldreda. Her first action was to discontinue those many uses, which, though innocent in themselves, did not appear to her as in agreement with that state which she had chosen. It has ever been the practice of those Christians who desired to follow out the counsels of their Master to the very letter to lay aside all superfluities. They wished, in their actions, to carry out the determination already arrived at in their minds of forsaking *all* things to follow Him perfectly. Etheldreda discontinued the use of linen garments with which in those days the rich especially were clothed, and, as long as she lived, wore woollen ones. Only at long intervals did she take advantage of a bath, which was then regarded as a great luxury ; and the times she chose for this were those just preceding Epiphany, Easter, and Pentecost. On such occasions did her humility manifest itself ; for she forgot that she was a king's daughter, she ignored the fact that even among her companions she was their head, and waited with meekness and patience that she might be the last to bathe. Once a day, only, did she eat, save when, now and again, her health demanded her to relax so strict an abstinence, or when, on the occasion of a great festival, such fasting would have been incongruous and unbecoming. She was found in her place always at midnight Matins ; and afterwards, through the long dark hours when her Sisters had retired to rest, she prayed on, alone with God in God's own house, until break of day. But this practice, too, though sweet to her, she sometimes had to lay aside because of her malady. Nor was she without that prophetic spirit which God gives occasionally to His Saints, and with which those blessed ones of Saxon England were singularly endowed. She spoke beforehand of the plague by whose instrumentality she must die ; she knew how many of her Convent that same disease should lay hold on, and told it to all her Religious. Like Martin of Tours, surrounded by his brethren

when about to die, Etheldreda of Ely was surrounded by the whole of her Sisters, wishing to go to her Lord yet obedient to His will *non recusans laborem*. In the year 679, seven years after she was made Abbess, she went to Him *quem diu desideravit*, and was buried in the midst of those to whom, during life, she had been a mother, and for whom, after death, she became a powerful intercessor with Christ. There remains much to be told, but *I* have said enough of her. Ye walls! and all that, after twelve hundred years, still stand in spite of wind and blast, tempest and storm, the slow nip of silent, all-devouring time, and the hurried downthrow caused by man, ye know the rest. Others among you can tell the miracles which happened either because of her sanctity or through her prayers. But, besides this, you know only that she lived and died; while I, in the rest and home of the Saints myself, have known her many centuries. Where her body lies at present no one seems to know; and, shame upon this nation! no one seems to care: for while they waste away their time and energy and frame in robbing the earth of its fossils and minerals; while they rejoice over the finding of a broken statue or a disfigured coin; they neither seek, nor care to seek, for the remains of a body once consecrated to the Lord, and always true to Him. But that matters little. The *soul* still lives and is ever young and newly vivified by Him Who is the Life. The spirit that moved her heart, now hidden, to love the Son of God; which regulated the brain so hallowed by the shadow of so many holy thoughts sent rushing through it; which lighted up her eyes with its purity,—that spirit still exists. The soul of man can never die; heart, brain, eyes, hands, and feet are but the instruments—the workman and the artist is the soul. The Creator of both the one and the other has willed that everything in man which is corporeal shall last only for a time; that during that time the soul shall operate with the body and rule and govern it; and that eventually the



two shall sever their companionship, the one still continuing its living, and the other falling, as without a vivifying principal it must fall, into corruption. The body shall rise again, true, and the soul longs for its resurrection day ; but then the two will not be enemies as now they are, they will not incline to opposite ends as now they do, body will not retard the soul's progress nor vilify its affections and judgments as now it strives to vilify them : in Heaven the two will see, what they fail to see here—how wise was God in making the one for the other. This, then, is a part of the life which the soul of the blessed commences on its death-day : to love, but to love more purely ; to think, but even more abstractedly and intensely ; to act, but more swiftly and completely ; for corporeal imperfections are passed away, and a simple and spiritual substance acts for and by itself. Fret not, then, and do not fear ; the power of Etheldreda is greater now than when she lived, and capable of grander projects than it accomplished here. The lapse of time does not diminish this great excellence ; for the soul, unlike the body, is but strengthened the more the more it is exercised, and there, in Heaven, time has no name and is too weak to bite or nip, corrode or corrupt, consume or wash away, the citizens who dwell there."

He had finished ; and the soft notes of the music and the sweet words of St. Etheldreda's hymn commenced again, as that invisible host prepared to depart. First it was a mighty blend of manly voices, loud indeed, but with every note well struck and every chord in harmony ; gradually it moved away in the distance, becoming still sweeter by its softness ; then the tune became only just discernible, and a word here and there made itself heard, as though the song was loth to leave ; until at length the whole became lost, then found—died, then lived again, then died afresh, and so was ended.

With so great an eloquence had that human voice sent forth its unhesitating roll of language, that, when it was finished, there

was a long pause ; for although the speaker had ended his words and was now departed, yet imagination brought back his voice and speech ; and the brain (if we may be allowed to speak of this mural company's brains) of the hearers for some moments was soothed with the recollection of the delight it had received. For, like the strings of a harp which vibrate long after the hand has touched them, and even when the player may have left them, the brain is moved with pleasure long after the cause which touches it is removed. The stones had become like one that is made intoxicated or forgetful of his existence by listening to strains which have entered his soul, by observing the colours and the details of a picture, or by reading the thoughts of a beautiful mind expressed in no less beautiful words ; and from such a state of feelings some moments intervened before they roused themselves. However, when the silence *was* broken, it was by sounds from a quarter whence they least expected them. Voices were heard issuing from the earth which at one time had formed a quadrangle for the inhabitants to walk in, but which now, enclosed by four modern walls, was laid out in gardens and beds of flowers.

"Out of the depths" those voices told their story, to the great consternation of the other buildings, who, like human beings, much as they love to listen to their fellows' discoursing while alive, shrink from the words of those accounted dead and buried. But when the first shock was over, and the sepulchral stones proceeded to put forth an explanatory account of their *raison d'être*, all felt reassured and soon became truly delighted. "Fear not," those voices said, "for though to human eyes invisible, we are the stones which centuries ago formed the walls and windows which belonged to you. We are your brethren, gentle buildings, buried, but not dead ; side by side once with you we stood and formed the closest friendship ; one upon another we were placed and held together by such mighty cement that even time despaired of separating us. But time

prevailed, as it always has done ; and what it has done with the stones of Stonehenge and Avebury, that it did with us. Some of us still stand in your midst, forming newer buildings than when we all stood together ; some most probably have been used for the houses of the citizens yonder, while some lie here, or elsewhere, as we do—buried, but not dead. We were laid low on mother Earth, atoms of dust fell lightly on us, elements of the air combined with those with which Nature endowed us, and by atmosphere and flood, rain and wind, we became hidden from sight and, eventually, sunk deep down into the ground. Ah ! how wonderful a lesson might not the human race learn from us stones, would they but consider—but there are none ‘who consider in their hearts.’ With all their boasted superiority of existence over us, will they not at least be silent and humbled when they meditate on the burial-places, and the state after sepulture, of their kind and ours ? Man lies in dust for a little while, and then returns to dust through stages of horrible corruption ; but we, when rendered useless for the present, sooner or later are buried by our mother Nature’s own gentle hands to *save* us from the like corruption. She covers us with mossy grass and simple flowers ; she sends over us the mighty torrent, and we are carried down into the billowy sea, rounded and beautified as we go, there to be decorated with the varied anemones, or to be cast upon the sea-shore ready again for use—not for dreadful dissolution. Or, perhaps, some powerful upheaval of the earth may cover us, and we be sunken in the depths of the crust of the universe ; or, borne away by the waters of some great flood, we help to form another stratum ; then does Nature kindly transform us and we are brought to light again, valued, because of our transformation, or because we mark an epoch of the world’s history. Can man say this much, even, of the existence of his body after death ? He has a grave, and kindly hands make beautiful that last resting-place by placing flowers there ! But, say, how poor is

the best of those graves compared with ours who lie buried here ! What tomb was ever adorned as this funeral garden of us stones ? Fresh and green, watered by human skill and machinery, is the grass plot in the centre ; the lavender and mignonette, the roses which trace their origin to every quarter of the globe, planted beneath these modern walls, mingle their scent together, and blend their colours with that of yonder laburnum tree, whose blossoms, joined with those of its brother on the other side of the pathway, form an arch over the entrance. A clematis and a jasmine have made, with that Virginia creeper, the roof and walls of the little summer-house ; and when their white and yellow blossoms fail, their leaves take their autumnal tints, continuing the pretty scene in sterner hues and shades. Can even this poor boast, that they have a nicer grave than we, be properly made by mortals, then ? Ah ! man may well envy us, if, as some of these modern people say, he is nothing but matter, nothing but a body destitute of soul, sublime and immortal. In our duration of existence we are grander, for our years are not three score and ten, but many generations ; in our mode of existence we are better, since pain and sorrow, sickness and disease, do not affect us ; in the end of our term of existence we are nobler, for Nature, which treats *their* "cold clay" with remorseless harshness, manifests to *us* the gentleness of a parent. But we are not superior to man ; he, therefore, is not body only : he has a soul, which previously to being joined to the flesh received the impress of its Maker's image. That image, once received, reflects upon the individual soul the powers of its great Prototype, and man becomes an intelligent and an eternal being. The soul thinks because God, whose image it is, and of the fulness of whose life it has received, thinks too ; by the soul man rules over inferior nature, not by the body, because it is the likeness of Him Who rules and governs all things ; it never corrupts, never dies, because it is the representation on earth of the great Immortal One. Would men



would remember this better, and learn the lesson taught in the first four words of the following lines :

*Soul of our souls* and safeguard of the world,  
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart ;  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !"

It was very evident that these philosophic stones were wandering from the subject, and they themselves were not the last to be aware of the fact that their listeners had become quite drowsy. They desired to hear about a matter quite different from this ; they could not see what the speculation as to whether they or man was the more excellent creation of the Almighty had to do with St. Etheldreda ; and they looked upon the theories of their deceased brethren as very fine, no doubt, but very dry and uninteresting. So the Cathedral was busying herself in endeavouring to prevent the weather-cock in its frantic efforts to point to rain ; the buildings were wondering whether the clouds, which they saw coming up from the distance, intended to transform themselves into water directly above their heads ; the fields about and the river began discussing as to how far a slight shower or a heavy downpour would be beneficial for things in general ; and one and all, by the time that the stones had happily, as they thought, brought their views to a close with a poetic quotation, were putting forth their recollections as to the various storms that had taken place since they could remember. They were, however, brought to themselves, and their attention regained by the transition made by the speakers to the original subject.

"It was not, however, for this that we intruded our words upon the silence, which, after the interesting history narrated by the monk, had taken possession of you ; our purpose was, rather, to add our little to the stock of information which you already possess concerning the Saint of Ely. But we will not give to you our own opinions, nor please you with pious imaginations which so easily arise in a subject of this kind ; for we have kept

you waiting sufficiently long with our views and elaborate ideas, and what we say now shall be given in the historian's own words :

"Now when she had been buried for sixteen years, it pleased the Abbess (her sister Sexburga) to order her bones to be taken up, placed in a new coffin, and brought into the church. She ordered, moreover, the brethren to go and search for stone out of which this coffin could be hewn ; and they accordingly took ship, for the whole neighbourhood of Ely is on all sides surrounded by water and marshes, and has very little stone of any great magnitude. They reached a little, isolated town, which is called in English Granchester, and which is not far from Ely, and lying against the walls they found a coffin. It was of white marble, beautifully made and covered at the top with a slab of the same stone. From this event they perceived how Our Lord had blessed their undertaking ; and with thankful hearts they bore the coffin to the monastery.

"Now, when the body of the holy virgin and bride of Christ was brought out from the sepulchre to the light, it was found to be so incorrupt as to appear to have died and been buried only that very day. This, Bishop Wilfrid and others, who had opportunity of knowing the truth, told me. But more certain still is this fact from what the physician Cymfrid said about it ; for he was with her when she died, and was present on this occasion. He was accustomed to relate that she was suffering from a very great tumour in the cheek, and that, being commanded to do so, he lanced it, that the poisonous matter might escape. "For the space of two days," he said, "she seemed much easier and in less pain, so that many thought she would recover ; but the third day the old pains returned, and, suddenly, by departing from this world, she exchanged acute suffering and the agony of death for unending health and life. After many years her bones were taken out of the sepulchre. Erected over the ground was a large tent ; the whole Community

stood around singing the Divine Office, the brethren on one side, and on the other the Sisters; and the Abbess, with a few others, entered the tent to bring out the body. Suddenly we heard, from within, the Abbess crying out in a loud voice, 'May the Lord's name be praised!' and upon my being called in a short time after, and the door closed, I saw the body of the holy virgin newly taken up from the grave and placed on a bier. She seemed as one asleep; and, uncovering the clothes which bound up the face, I saw the incision which I had made, healed and cured, and, in a wonderful manner, instead of the open and ghastly wound she had when buried, now there appeared just a slight mark and the merest scar. As they undid the burial linen, too, in which the body had been wrapped, they found them so new and fresh that one would imagine they had been twined around those most pure limbs that day itself. They say that she rejoiced much concerning her peculiar malady, and that when sorely afflicted with the above-mentioned tumour and pain in her cheek and neck, she used to say: 'Most surely do I feel that I bear deservedly this grievous suffering in my neck, around which, when younger, I bore with vanity weighty adornments; and I think that the Divine kindness wills me to be afflicted in this way for the reason that so I may be forgiven the punishment of my frivolity. For now, in place of gold and pearls, the tumour in my neck reddens and burns!'" Now it came to pass those same linen clothes, when applied to those possessed by evil spirits, put them to flight from the bodies they had taken hold on, and other infirmities were sometimes cured; while the coffin in which the Saint was first buried is said to have been the means of restoring health to those afflicted with diseased eyes. For when those so troubled placed their head against it, and had prayed, soon the pain or blindness went away. The Sisters, therefore, washed the body, and when they had placed new funeral garments around it, and brought it into the church, they placed it in the sarcophagus which the brethren had brought;

and it is kept there in great veneration to this day. Wonderful to relate, this stone coffin was found so exactly measured for the body of the virgin, and the place for the head, chiselled out separately, appeared so precisely hollowed to the dimensions needed, that it was as though it had been specially made for her.'"

"Such," said the stones, "is the account given of what took place hundreds of years ago, and which we ourselves saw. True, there are incidents narrated which men would call miraculous, and to believe in which the greater part of those who live now would term superstition. But why should these things, and the many others which are said to have taken place at that time, not have happened? Why should men, moreover, refuse to believe such events when they are founded upon reliable and indisputable authority; and why, at the smile and the sneer of anyone, should they be ashamed to confess such miracles, or bear when one, with no knowledge of the subject at all, ridicules them? Ah! men were so simple and ignorant in the days when these things are said to have come to pass! More simple—yes; and it were better, perhaps, for this age if it possessed a little less of its consummate cunning! Relying much on human knowledge, it laughs at miracles, as though God sleeps, and neither loves, nor cares, to show his rule and power over mankind and nature. In those simple ages God worked *with* man; man perceived his own littleness, and feeling, at times, how vain is human aid, turned in trust to ask for the helping hand of God. But now man spurns his former Assistant and Friend, and when He *will* assert His power, clothes the action with unmeaning words and calls it chance's offspring, or Nature's child, or Causation's *protégé*, or Force's pupil! When they see these things, even, they will not believe; but they ascribe what their eyesight tells them cannot be denied to some deception practised on them by their fellow-man; and, while boasting of their wonderful acuteness over other ages, prefer to own they are, after all, not so



acute, than give God credit for Omnipotence. Who is the wiser and the more intelligent—he who, in the face of revelation and of all evidence, refuses to accept such narrations ; or he who, knowing that the sacred Scriptures afford many similar instances, and give ample proof that such instances shall never be wanting, has also plain, convincing historical records of those instances having become actualities ? Moreover——"

"Plague take those fossils," interrupted the Cathedral in a very inelegant and unladylike manner. But it really was exasperating. She had expected to have the chance of describing the many events which had occurred in relation to herself during many centuries ; but here was the rain she had for some minutes past been dreading. The "reminiscences" could not go on in such weather. The river alone seemed pleased under the circumstances ; the more the downpour increased the more he liked it, and at last was heard to mutter : "Yes, it's quite true. Ely *does* derive its name from the Saxon word for eels ; and if this kind of weather goes on, we shall be able to say of it, as they used to say : 'Ely is a little piece of land in East Anglia, surrounded by marshes and streams ; and it received its name from the many eels which are caught there.'" Overcome by the exertion of reciting this valuable piece of information, the river imitated its companions, the buildings, and relapsed into silence, which was broken now only by the sound of pelting rain.

LANFRANC.



THE LATE SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, M.P.

*The Passing of the Years.*

STRANGELY pass the living years,  
Strangely in their varied tone,  
Strangely in their monotone :

For as each year comes and goes,  
Something new and something old  
Mingles in the flowing stream :  
And our lives are wove, I ween,  
Of the ancient and the new.

“ Nations rise and nations pass,”  
Say the scornful and the wise ;  
Yet the souls of nations live,  
For the spirit never dies.  
Every morrow bears the flowering  
Of the seeds to-day hath sown ;  
And the tempest that is raging  
Brings the fairness that shall come :  
Yet is life a changeful season,  
Strange unto itself, I trow.

Upward, downward, onward ever,  
Ever forward :—who shall say,  
Joy is not in change and morrow,  
Strength in rest and the to-day ?  
Ever forward, onward ever,

Life is restless, falters never ;  
He who rests, his life must sever :  
So he reads, who reads aright  
In the star-course of the night.

Strangely pass the living years,  
Strangely in their varied tone,  
Strangely in their monotone.  
O my brothers ! ye who listen  
To this warning, shall the wearing  
Of the passing years be told ?  
When the harvest moon is rising  
In the evening of the reaping,  
And the workers last retiring,  
Look upon the harvest poll'd.

Be the story strange, but noble !  
Every life is valued double  
That combines the brave and true :  
Ready for each changing scene,  
True to that which yet hath been,  
For our lives are wove, I ween,  
Of the ancient and the new.

FR. CUTHBERT.



## *The Story of a Conversion.*

(Continued from p. 398.)

### CHAPTER VIII. ANGELOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE TEACHING.

THE Catholic doctrine, "That it is good and useful to ask the angels and the saints to pray for us," naturally divides itself into two parts, one relating to the angels, and the other to the saints. The principal difference between these two parts from a Biblical point of view is that, while the offices of the angels are frequently and pointedly spoken of both in the Old Testament and in the New, the references to the saints are fewer and more general, because none could enter Heaven before Our Saviour, who "opened its gates to all believers." But the questions of principle with respect to the intercession, invocation, and intermediation of the saints who reign together with Christ, are settled by the proofs of the intercession, invocation, and, what is more, the intermediation of angels. And in dealing with this, it will be convenient first to take a general view, and then to discuss certain special points involving more intimately the Catholic doctrine. I propose to myself here to show that doctrine to be logically involved in the whole angelology of the Bible.

#### *General Sketch of Biblical Angelology.*

The declarations of Holy Scripture as to the nature and offices of the angels may be summarised under the following heads :—

(a). There exist created spiritual beings other than human

souls, and differing from souls in not being intended or adapted to animate bodies. They may temporarily make themselves visible under material forms, but (though symbolised under material forms) they are not naturally and *per se* united with material organisms.—As to this first point, Acts xxiii. 8, and of course, innumerable other passages, might be quoted.

(*b*). These subordinate spirits are distinguished into evil, whom we commonly call demons or devils, and good, whom we call angels; though we also use the word angel in a wider sense, as including the evil as well as the good. But it is everywhere implied that the bad or evil angels were not so from the first, but by the exercise of their own free will turned the balance of their moral nature toward wickedness. To suppose that God created anything morally evil would be contrary to the whole spirit of Holy Scripture, so that a demon, in so far forth as he is a demon, is as truly self-made as if he were uncreated. He made himself a devil. Even of the prince of evil spirits Our Lord implies that he was once “in the truth”:—“He was a murderer, from the beginning”—*i.e.*, from the beginning of murder, or, in other words, he was the author of the first murder (Genesis iv. 8)—“And stood not in the truth” (John viii. 44)—thus resembling those whom Our Lord was then addressing. From this we have Jude 6, and, moulded on it, 2 Peter ii. 4, the Second Epistle of St. Peter being to a large extent sequacious to the Epistle of St. Jude, the solidity and importance of whose teaching it was manifestly intended to emphasise.

(*c*). Both good and evil angels are represented as being very numerous. Especially is this the case with the good angels (Ps. lxxviii. 17; Hebrews xii. 22; Matth. xxvi. 53; Jude 14; Apoc. v. 11), as if it were only right that we should know that “they that be with us are more than they that be against us” (2 [4] Kings vi. 16). Of the good, accordingly, it is said, *e.g.* that “Thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him” (Daniel vii.

10). The evil angels are never spoken of in such ample terms (Matth. xii. 26, xxv. 41; Mark v. 9; Apoc. xii. 7; etc.) But that there are multitudes of them is implied more particularly in those passages which represent human beings as constantly and in all parts of the world tempted and misled by evil spirits.

(*d*). Both among the angels who did and among those who did not keep their first estate, there are gradations of power and dignity. Among the latter, this gradation is shown by one being more distinctly marked and rendered very prominent in Holy Scripture—the spirit who is called Satan, *i.e.*, the adversary, and, by pre-eminence, the devil (the *diabolos*, or the slanderer; *diaballo* uniting the ideas of accusing, misrepresenting, and setting at variance) *the* tempter (Matth. iv. 11, etc.), *the* destroyer (Hebrew, Abaddon; Greek, Apollyon; Apoc. ix. 11; also Asmodeus, Tobias iii. 8, from the Hebrew *Shamadh*, to destroy); and, in the Kabbalah, Sammael (the poison angel, from *Samma*, poison, or, less probably, the blinding angel, from *Samme'*, to blind, and *'el*, mighty). A similar position among the good angels is assigned to Michael (Apoc. xii. 7; Daniel x. 13, 21; xii. 1), whose name means, "Who is like God?" He is called archangel, or ruler of angels (Jude 9), and is no doubt the archangel referred to in 1 Thess. iv. 6: "The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God." With him are associated Gabriel, the angel interpreter; Raphael, the angel of healing; and four others—seven in all, who are solemnly invoked in the Apocalypse (i. 4) to send down grace and peace:—"Grace to you and peace, from the seven spirits which are before His throne." Consequently, to keep up the numerical harmony, seven churches are subsequently mentioned, and over each of them is one of the seven angels (Apoc. ii. 1—iii. 22); seven lamps of fire, which are the seven angels over again, burn before the throne (iv. 5); and the Lamb has seven horns

and seven eyes, "which are the seven spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth" (v. 6; cf. Zach. iv. 10). They are also the seven stars (*ante*, p. 389 *note*) in the hand of the Messiah (i. 16, ii. 1, iii. 1, 20); they sound the seven trumpets (viii. 1); they are probably the pourers out of the seven apocalyptic vials;\* and one of them, an angel-interpreter, who is probably the same throughout the Apocalypse, shows to St. John two contrasted visions, that of the spouse of Sammael and that of the bride of the Lamb (xvii. 1, xxi. 9); and refuses the worship which after each vision is tendered him by the Apostle, using such words as "I am a fellow-servant with thee, and with thy brethren the prophets, and with them that keep the words of this book: worship God."† Proceeding on the

\* Or, more properly, bowls, as in the Revised Version. The Greek, *phialé* (Apoc. xv. 1, xvi. 1), does not signify a flask or bottle, which is, now at least, the meaning of the English phial or vial, but (Liddell and Scott, *s.v.*) "a broad, flat, shallow cup or bowl, given as a prize (*"Iliad,"* xxiii. 270, 616); used as a cinerary urn (*"Iliad,"* *ib.*, 243, 253); and, later than Homer, a flat bowl, used for drinking or pouring libations, the Latin *patera*." In the Septuagint, *phialé* is employed for a flattish bowl or tray to receive ashes (Exodus xxvii. 3, xxxvii. 23; Numbers iv. 14; Jer. lii. 18), and for vessels, presumably similar in form, for the oil and flour of the *minkhóth* (Numbers vii. 13, etc.) while the libation-vessels of the altar of perpetual sacrifice are called *kuathoi* (smaller cups, filled from a larger vessel, Exodus xxv. 29) and *spondeia* (libation-vessels, Exodus xxxvii. 16; Numbers iv. 7; Jer. lii. 19). The "spoons," by the way, may have been for the incense or the show-bread, like the spoons in our incense-boats; cf. their use in the gifts of Numbers vii.—Moses Stuart, in his "Commentary on the Apocalypse," Edinburgh, 1847 (to which, and in particular to the first Excursus, on Biblical Angelology, I desire to acknowledge my obligations), thinks the seven angels who pour out the seven vials are not the seven "angels of the presence" previously spoken of, because they are not called "*the* seven angels," but, as it were indeterminately, "seven angels" (xv. 1); "Commentary," p. 661). This, however, only leaves it undetermined whether they were or were not the same seven; and when they come (xv. 5, 7) to be more particularly described, they are unequivocally spoken of as coming forth from the Holies or Holy of Holies; or, in other words, from the immediate presence of the Deity.

† Apoc. xix. 10, xxii. 8, 9. Collectors of the curiosities of controversy are aware that on these two passages has been foisted the singular and, of course, perfectly gratuitous notion that St. John—being, it is logically to be presumed, a confirmed and curiously wrong-headed idolater—on both occasions offered to his heavenly guide the supreme honour due to God alone, though he well knew himself to be addressing only a created angel.—Two interpretations have been given by serious expositors. The first and most probable



principle that God "hath made all things double, one against another" (Ecclus. xlii. 25), Jewish traditions tell us that under the direction of Sammael are six other infernal spirits, whose names, abodes, and attributes the Kabbalistic book Zohar pretends to give (vol. i., p. 75, *sqq.*). Catholic theologians have, it may be mentioned, inferred from collation of the passages of Holy Scripture in which the respective names occur, that there are nine orders of good angels, which are usually enumerated as Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and, lowest of all, mere or simple angels.

which is supplied by some of the Fathers, is that though St. John afterwards, when he came to write the Apocalypse, knew the angel to be a created being, he at the moment imagined him to be Our Lord, Whom he had already in the changing visionary scene beheld under a plurality of forms; and that the worship proffered and refused was, accordingly, divine honour. This, as the reader will see by turning to the Apocalypse, is corroborated by the context. On each of the two occasions on which the worship is tendered, the angel has used words which might be taken to imply that he was the Lord. On the first, after saying, "Write, blessed are they who are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb," he proceeded to comment on his own words by adding, "These are true words of God"; and then immediately follows: "And I fell at His feet to worship Him." On the second occasion the angel had again announced his declarations (xxii. 3-6) respecting the marriage supper of the Lamb to be, emphatically, faithful and true; had pronounced a blessing on those who kept them, and had commanded them to be written down; had spoken of himself in the third person as "the angel," as if he were really someone else; and had added the phrase, so significant in New Testament phraseology: "Behold, I come quickly." Then, again, at once follows: "I fell at His feet to worship Him." The adjuncts leave no reasonable doubt whom the Apostle supposed the angel to be; nor is it easy even for the reader of the context, if he is unfamiliar with the *usus loquendi* of Holy Scripture, to realise that anyone but Our Lord could go on to amplify his preceding declarations as the angel did: "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to render to every man according as his work is. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. Blessed are they," etc. (Apoc. xxii. 12-14; cf. i. 17).—The second interpretation, which is also patristic, is that St. John knew the angel to be an angel and no more, and tendered him only the honour due to an angel from a mortal; but that the angel refused it out of humility. He was, in fact, only an interpreter. St. John was an interpreter really of a higher order, and would afterwards rule from the throne before which even angels of the presence did but stand to minister (Apoc. i. 4, iii. 21, etc.). This, however, is not the whole truth; for "worship God," the concluding words of the angel's disclaimer, imply that the honour intended was not a merely inferior and limited one, since no good spirit would direct anyone to worship God with a limited and lower worship. But to be worshipped by a *superior*

*Evil Spirits part of our World.*

A point of great importance is that Holy Scripture constantly represents evil spirits as not separated or isolated from us, but belonging to the same general system of nature as ourselves. They are spoken of as of great power, their power, however, being intimated to be the result of human corruption rather than of any irresistible might in themselves; for we are expressly commanded to resist Satan, and are told that in such a case he will flee from us (James iv. 7; 1 Peter v. 6, 9; Eph. iv. 27). Though in a sense they are outside the normal universe—although, that is to say, they operate only by their own natural faculties, and so far from seeking the Divine assistance in what they do, are in a state of alienation from and rebellion against God, His laws, and His providence—they can act and be acted on by us, and are able to tempt human beings, to possess them, to enter into permanent association with them, to work false miracles, and to conceal their true character and even appear as angels of light.—As to temptation, I may remind the reader of St. Paul's phrase, "Lest by any means the tempter had tempted you" (1 Thes. iii. 5), and of the temptation of Our Lord Himself.—As to possession, everyone who has even the most superficial acquaintance with the New Testament knows that it is again and again referred to; and it is, indeed, only a further stage in the general process of which yielding to demoniacal temptation is the beginning. Holy Scripture by no means attributes all temptations to

would give an added shock of incongruity.—The early Christians were by no means unfamiliar with the idea brought into prominence by this second exposition. Thus in the "Ascension of Isaiah," a very ancient Jewish-Christian work discovered and translated from the Æthiopic by Lawrence ("Ascensio Isaie Vatis," Oxoniæ, 1819), whose edition is now superseded by the more scholarly work of C. F. A. Dillmann (1877), Isaiah is forbidden to worship the ruling angel of the second heaven, because "above all the heavens thy throne is placed, and thy clothing" ("Asc. Is." vii. 21; cf. Apoc. vi. 11, xix. 8). Confer St. Paul's: "Know ye not that we shall judge angels"; St. Peter's: "Which things angels desire to look upon"; and "To angels He hath not put into subjection the world to come," i.e., the Christian dispensation (1 Cor. vi. 3; 1 Peter i. 12; Hebrews ii. 5).

the devil. "Each man is tempted," says St. James (i. 14), "when he is drawn away by his own concupiscence, and enticed." But that temptations are also produced by the agency of evil spirits it repeatedly and unquestionably asserts; and if it is true that every act and impulse of the lower powers of the mind is accompanied by a nerve or brain change, all temptation by fallen angels is a beginning of bodily possession.—As to permanent alliances with them, they are implied by such passages as that in the Acts of the Apostles (xv. 16-18; cf. Is. xix. 3; 1 Kings [Samuel] xxviii.; Deut. xviii. 11, etc.) about the certain maid at Thyatira who had a spirit of divination. In the absence of exact medical knowledge some kinds of mere insanity may have passed by the name of possession; and thus were possession by repute, and might be called possession in speaking of them incidentally without thereby intending to pronounce a definitive judgment on their inner nature. But it would be frivolous so to interpret the teaching of Holy Scripture as a whole with respect to possession. In the same way, professions of having a "familiar spirit" may often have been mere pretence, and in the application of such a law as "a man also or a woman that hath a familiar spirit or is a wizard shall surely be put to death,"\* it was un-

\* Lev. xx. 27. The word translated by familiar spirit is *ôbh*, which is connected with *'abhabh*, to swell or be tumid, and primarily means a leather bottle (cf. Boettcher, "De Inferis," pt. i p. 101; Job xxxii. 19). The meaning of familiar spirit may be from the stiffening and apparent swelling of the limbs and features of the soothsayer, as in Virgil's Sybil:—

Ait; "deus, ecce, deus." Cui talia fanti  
Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus,  
Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,  
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,  
Nec mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando  
Jam propiore dei.—"Æneid" vi. 46-51.

This secondary signification of the word may also be due to the dull, hollow, gurgling, or semi-articulate accents in which, as the convulsive paroxysm died away (as is intimated by the context of the passage just quoted), the oracular responses were delivered, as they are delivered to this day by the Shaman or magician in the devil-dances of India, Tartary, and China. "He snorts, he stares, he gyrates. The demon has now taken bodily possession of him. . . . He is worshipped as a present deity, and every bystander



necessary to distinguish between the pretence and the reality, because, while a man who actually allies himself with evil spirits (supposing the thing possible) must be bad, a man who tries by every means to do so, and although he has failed because he did not know how to manage it, gives out that he succeeded, is likely to be worse rather than better. He must feel that he has still his infernal lords to conciliate by fresh sacrifices of more heinous evil than he has yet brought to pass. Nor is it to be forgotten that even an only momentary alliance with the wicked powers differs only in degree from one that is lasting and binding. Yielding to temptation is continuous, through an insensible intermediate shading, and without any distinct line of demarcation, with making an explicit contract with a demon.—As to deceptive wonders, fraudulent in themselves or in the intention with which they are performed, they are expressly ascribed to “the working of Satan, with all power and signs and wonders of falsehood, and with all deceit of iniquity for them that are in process of perishing because they did not receive the love of the truth”—would not let it sink into them—“that they might be saved” (2 Thes. ii. 9, 10). No silly creature could offer a more

consults him. . . . As the devil-dancer acts to perfection the part of a maniac, it requires some experience to enable a person to interpret his dubious or unmeaning replies, his muttered voice, and his uncouth gestures; but the wishes of the parties who consult him help them greatly to interpret his meaning” (Caldwell, “Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages,” p. 586, speaking of the Dravidian Shanars of Tinnivelly). “With hands and knees on the ground,” says Captain Samuells of the Kolarian Kurkurs of Chutia Nagpur (quoted by Caldwell, l.c.), “and hair loosened, the body is convulsed, while the head shakes violently, and from the mouth issues a hissing gurgling noise.” Similar devil dances are frequent in Hunan, the centre of the present disturbances against the Chinese missionaries.—Confer also Is. viii. 19, “Them that have familiar spirits, and the wizards [*yid'onî*, from *yadha*, to know, wizards being an abbreviation for wise-ard] that squeak,” or chirp like birds or bats, “and mutter”; and Is. xxix. 4, “Thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper,” or chirp, “out of the dust.” The magicians *chirped*, because spirits were represented as *birds*. The usual Egyptian representation of a departed spirit is a bird with a human head; and in the Assyrian poem of the “Descent of Ishtar [Ashtoreth] into Hades the ghosts are described (line 10) as “clad, like birds, in a covering of feathers.”



short-sighted argument against the reality of pretensions to magic and sorcery, than that they are constantly mixed up with fraud and trickery. If the pretensions were real, they would be associated with trickery. By the nature of the case, an evil spirit is a father of lies. And suppose for a moment—suppose it if only for the sake of argument—that in pretensions to magical feats there is sometimes something true, it does not follow that the pretender will uniformly be able to exercise the powers which, for the sake of argument it may be granted that he occasionally enjoys. What more natural than that on such occasions he should eke out the defect by trickery? But in some cases, it may be said, the phenomena are true; in some cases magicians have actually done what they alleged they could do. In any concrete instance of this kind presented to me, I would ask for the evidence that they had done so, and would be guided by it. But taking the problem generally and in the abstract, I am not concerned to deny the possibility that they may have accomplished real wonders. And yet these very wonders may have been done with a deceptive purpose known, not necessarily to the human wonder-worker, but to the evil spirits by whom they were really wrought. If such beings can affect the imagination,—and that they can do this is involved in the supposition that they can tempt mankind at all,—if they can work on the machinery of the emotions, and consequently can further or interfere with the modifications in the state of the brain and the nervous system at large which are physiologically the concomitants of emotions and imaginations—there is no reason in the nature of things, as far as it is known to us, why, for instance, they should not be able so to play on our emotions and imaginations as to bring into prominence and make us dwell on ideas sufficiently accurate to mislead us on subjects of greater importance.—And, finally, as to concealment of true character at least in the first instance, *Nemo fit repente turpissimus*. Premature manifestation of evil would shock and

horrify. We are explicitly told that "even Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light" (2 Cor. xi. 14). Such trickery would not in the least be extraordinary in one whose principal property is deceptiveness; and if he can exercise it, it is as little wonderful that he should often do so, knowing how appalling the exhibition of himself in his true colours would be, if it were not led up to little by little, and with many reservations for the future.

*Remarks on the above System.*

We may at this point review the ground already traversed. In the first place, it is quite obvious that the Biblical angelological doctrines are not a number of statements thrown together as it were by chance. Though proceeding from different authors who wrote at very different periods of the world's history, they form not only a consistent, but a coherent system—the various doctrinal elements are not only compatible with one another, but each draws the others after it. In this system, moreover, there is nothing but what is congruous to natural reason. Any theory of the universe which makes pretence to be philosophical must be Monistic; that is to say, it must start from some one principle, and not from two or more, each of which, with the possibilities of their interaction, have to be independently assumed. Any rational Monism begins, not with matter, but with spirit.\* And God must of necessity be con-

\* Monism, from the Greek *monos*, single, is the doctrine of one single primary principle.—Why, it has been asked, should there not be, in addition to matter and spirit, any number of quite other kinds of beings in the universe, capable of being classed neither as material nor as spiritual? Such an idea was, of course, never more than a mere conjecture without evidence, and is opposed by the whole of human knowledge. The tendency of scientific progress has uniformly been to *decrease*, instead of increasing, our estimate of the number of kinds of causes in the universe, while enormously enlarging our idea of the magnitude and duration of the universe itself. No new force, for example, has ever been discovered since the most remote ages of which we have any information. Light, heat, electricity (in the attractive power of amber when rubbed), magnetism, chemical affinity (in innumerable changes), gravitation (in the fall of bodies to the earth), cohesion, etc., have always

ceived as a pure spirit or purely spiritual being.\* The Monistic character of the philosophy of religion has therefore to be preserved and justified by the doctrine, which is consequently logically indispensable, that matter proceeded from the Supreme Spirit, not by emanation, but by creation and therefore in accordance with the ordinary laws of causation.† If so, the

been known, and the great difference between ancient and modern knowledge is that the ancients were not aware of the compass of these forces, and everywhere wrongly assumed unknown causes to explain effects really due to them. As it was with the forces, so it was with the forms of matter; for each of the innumerable kinds of minerals, which modern chemistry has now resolved into the comparatively quite insignificant number of three score and ten elementary bodies, was imagined to be something *de novo*, with a distinct *forma* of its own, irresolvable into anything else. Nor do the chemists regard the provisionally so-called elements as really elementary, but consider it probable from the relations existing between them (Mendelejeff's theory), that they are themselves compounds of a smaller number of simpler forms of matter. That heat, light, and electricity are now regarded as modes of motion, and magnetism as closed currents of electricity, are further illustrations which teach the same lesson.

\* Because, if material, He would have to be regarded as organised; which would imply a pre-existing Designer of that organism, and so on *ad infinitum*. The ancient Oriental philosophy joined a bodily nature even to the Deity, "whose body," says a Persian proverb, "is light, and thought is His soul." Subordinate spirits were *a fortiori* supposed to possess fine and subtle bodies, which were as it were their vehicles and envelopes, and the means by which they acted on grosser forms of matter—a notion resulting from two not unnatural blunders, one in physics, and the other in physiology.—The physical blunder was the widely-diffused if not practically universal error that *resemblance* is favourable to *action*, from which it was inferred that one being cannot act on another unless it *resembles* it (cf. Mill, "Logic," B.v., ch. iii., "Fallacies of Simple Inspection," § 8), and consequently that a purely spiritual being cannot act directly on gross matter, but must in the first instance influence some finer kind of matter, from which the action can pass on to the grosser sorts. The root of the error was the ignorant application to matter of what is, within certain limits, true of minds. Similar minds do as a rule influence one another more easily. But even in the sphere of mind, the greater mind is that which can enter into and stir up the feelings of other minds diverse from itself; and when applied to matter the supposed principle utterly breaks down, and the principle is that things which are dissimilar act most readily on each other.—The physiological blunder was that of attaching importance to a corporeal vehicle or envelope as such, instead of to the physiological reactions of the several bodily organs—a mistake almost inevitable when little was known of anatomy and nothing of physiology, but inexcusable now that at least the rudiments of these sciences are generally known.

† When we hold a piece of white paper to the fire, and it becomes brown and finally black, there is not a vestige of a reason for imagining that the blackness was previously hidden among the interstices of the fibres of the

root of the universe is spirit, and human souls are as it were an overflow of the world of spirit into that of matter. But that a God Who is of a purely spiritual nature should have created other intelligences who like Himself are purely spiritual, would have been probable even without revelation. We might not have thought of it ; but if it occurred to us to do so, it could not possibly have seemed strange, or unnatural. That of these intelligences some should have fallen, is in analogy with human experience ; so that when revealed religion tells us that there are angels, and that some of them have lapsed from their first estate, it only corroborates what, apart from revelation, we might reasonably have expected would be the case. Nor will any otherwise reasonable person find a difficulty in evil angels being represented as dragons, serpents, locusts, and other monstrous or noxious creatures (Apoc. ix. 3 ; xii. 7, 9 ; xvii., etc.), or in good spirits being symbolised under forms emblematic, to those who made and used the symbols, of their strength, keenness, service to mankind, or other attributes which it was desired visibly to set forth. For in symbolism we have to distinguish the principle, from the details. The false principle under which symbols may be made and studied is that what is symbolised is physically like the symbol itself—that eternity, for instance, physically resembles a circle and therefore by reincarnations or otherwise must come round to the same point ; or that sin is physically like darkness or like a serpentine shape, so that there is something morally malignant about the shape of a serpent or the absence of undulations perceptible through the retina. This

paper, and merely as it were jumped out. It is to all intents and purposes a new creation. Every case of causation is of the same kind. In so far forth as anything is causation, it is the beginning of something *de novo*. Where this does not take place, no one supposes that any causation whatever has been exercised. A tap, for instance, does not *cause* the water which flows from it ; and when oxygen and hydrogen are said to produce water by their combination, the expression “produce” refers only to the physical and chemical properties which flashed into being and did not pre-exist in the oxygen and the hydrogen themselves.



false principle ran through all the web and woof of Polytheism. The true principle is that of selecting as symbols visible forms which for whatever reason have become emblematic of strength, weakness, or other qualities, without implying that the object symbolised actually possess any of those physical forms. This view once taken, symbolism may proceed with the utmost freedom as to details, which become questions merely of art history and environment. For instance, we symbolise the Holy Spirit as a dove. But we can easily understand that if our fauna and flora and consequently our associations and habits of thought about the several species of living creatures had been different, quite other symbols might have been more congruous. There is no more harm in borrowing an appropriate symbol from paganism, than in borrowing a method of engraving. Not only by the inspired writers,\* but by

\* Ezechiel (i., x), in relating visions which are evidently symbolical, describes the throne of God as carried by four throne-bearers, each of whom has four faces, which are respectively that of a man, an eagle, and a lion; and that of an ox, which an easy collation of passages (i. 10, x. 14) shows to be that of a cherub. Leading topics of Babylonian art, connected with Babylonian mythology, were thus brought into relation with the service of Jehovah, and the visions were as much as to say "The true realities, whose emblems you multiply, serve, not your gods, but Me." In the Babylonian system the highest spirits after the gods appear to have been the *Igigi*, or spirits of heaven, and the *Annunaki*, or spirits of earth. Next beneath these, we are told, were placed two orders of star spirits, the *Usturu*, who were in human form, and the *Nattigu*, who were represented with the heads of eagles. In Ezechiel, it will be noticed, the human face is placed in front, while the eagle face, with its keenness of vision, is diametrically opposite; or, in other words, the symbolical figures see behind as well as before. Along with the *Usturu* and *Nattigu* in the Babylonian system, or immediately following them, were, we are informed, the *Sedu*, or protecting genii, which were also called *Alapu*, or oxen, and *Kiribu*, or (as the word seems to mean) ploughers, and the *Nirgalu*, or mighty ones, which were symbolised as lions with human heads. On the left side from his point of view, or on the right side of the figures themselves as they faced the prophet, was, it will be noticed, the face of an ox, and on the other side, that of death and vengeance, the face of a lion; and it will also be noticed that to give more complete types, all the four emblems are attributed to each of the four figures. Lower Babylonian spirits were (Lenormant, "Chaldaean Magic and Sorcery," p. 24, ed. 1877) generically called *Utuku*, which is stated to have been also a name for a particular kind of daemon. The other kinds are said to have been the *Alu* (from *Alal*, Accadian, a destroyer, as *Utuku* is from the Accadian *Utuk*, a spirit), the *Gallu* (Accadian *Telal*, a warrior), the *Ekim* (Accadian

the Catholic Church following in their footsteps, symbolism has again and again been adopted from external sources, as, indeed, ignorant anti-Catholic controversialists not unfrequently remind us. But in adopting outside symbolism the Church has only followed the example of Moses and the prophets. Nor would it have been other than feeble and narrow-minded to refuse it where it was good, practical, and useful. Its annexation was, on the contrary, as meritorious as it was bold, for the courage was justified by the circumstance that the principle of the symbolism was altered by the very fact of its adoption into a higher, a moral, and a spiritual religion. There was, of course, a certain morality and spirituality about the Egyptian and Babylonian religions; nay, it would be a fatally degrading blunder to suppose that morality and spirituality are ideas which human nature ever does without, except, perhaps, when it is in a state of simple brutal savagery. But

*Gigin*), and the Rabits (Accadian *Maskim*, layers of ambushes). "As a general rule, each class is divided into groups of seven, that most important magical and mysterious number" (Lenormant, *l.c.*).—In Egypt also, with the civilisation of which the Jews had come into contact long before the time of the Babylonian Captivity, under which Ezechiel wrote, we find genii with animal forms, subordinate to the higher deities. The Egyptian religion was chiefly the worship of a power behind the sun. According to the great myth in that religion, the sun was slain every evening or every autumn by a great dragon or serpent, Apap, and in turn slew Apap every morning or every spring. Both Apap and the sun-god were, however, conceived as attended by satellites. Attendant genii guard the boat of Horus, the morning sun or the sun of to-morrow, in its course across the heavenly ocean, and it is laid wait for by subordinate evil spirits led by Apap (Apophis, darkness, mist, "Herodotus" iii. 5), who is the personification of the fog-wreaths and miasmata from the Serbonian marshes, which lay to the east of the existing mouths of the Nile. "O ye four apes, who sit at the head of the back [or, of the boat] of the sun-god," of Ra, the sun in his strength or the sun of to-day, is one of the odd invocations in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, the sun being fabled to be attended by apes, because apes are southern animals. Among other genii, we are likewise told of eight spirits of the elements, four male and four female, who are called "the children of outstretchedness (De Naville, "Zeitschrift," 1874, p. 57), and are fabled to have been established by Ra on the heights of Hermopolis or Am-chemun, the city of the eight. Tum or Tmu, the western sun, who with waning vigour is drawing near to sunset, is environed by ministering inferior powers. And so also is Osiris, the sun below the horizon, shining in the underworld, and become the judge and ruler of the dead.

when in the pagan religions we dig down to the root of the matter, we uniformly find that the physical idea is that which governs the rest. Ra, for example, is good because he gives physical light; Apap is evil because he is physical darkness. The moral element is a consequence of the physical, while in Holy Scripture the physical element is the mere emblem of the moral. Unlike the great Egyptian serpent Apap, and unlike the analogous Babylonian Tiamat, the dragon mother of a brood of darkness, slain, like Apap and his satellites, by the rising sun-god (Sayce, "Religion of the Ancient Babylonians," p. 374), the beings variously symbolised in Holy Scripture as eagles, lions, dragons, locusts, etc., have the emblems applied to them in consequence of their moral character and without any implication that they corporally resemble serpents, oxen, and the like. The details of symbolism can consequently be employed with the utmost freedom, and, for instance, the Deity can be associated with darkness, if that idea, which would have been simply horrible to a worshipper of Ra, falls in with the rest of the picture; as in Ps. xviii. 11: "He made darkness His covering," or clothing, "His pavilion round about Him," though He is elsewhere described as a sun (Ps. lxxxiv. 11), and in the same breath, as if to show that the metaphor is a metaphor and nothing more, as a shield. In the symbolism of Holy Scripture, in a word, the ascent from physical to moral, so steep and so long to human nature, has already been accomplished; and only a few indications—such as "the serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field" (Genesis iii. 1)—are faithfully preserved here and there as indications that it ever had to be mounted. As a result, a Godhead is for the first time shown forth, Who (unlike a physical Deity which is only some part of nature or aspect in nature regarded by the adorers as pre-eminently worshipful, dawn, the sun, or light, for example) is really Divine—Who is not partly the author of the created universe, and partly accepts it as a pre-existent

system, as Ra, the sun-god, took it over, with Apap included, to make the best he could out of the alien materials. This, indeed, if we consider it well, is the ethical meaning of the doctrine of creation from nothingness. *Non creavit in aliena materia*

X. Y. Z.

*(To be continued.)*



---

A  
**Christian Apology;**

BY

PAUL SCHANZ, D.D., D.PH.,  
*Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen.*

TRANSLATED BY

THE REV. MICHAEL F. GLANCEY,  
*Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of Birmingham,*

AND

THE REV. VICTOR J. SCHOBEL, D.D.,  
*Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Mary's, Oscott.*

---

IN THREE VOLUMES, of which Two are Now Ready.

---

To be had from the Rev. M. F. GLANCEY, Bishop's House, Birmingham;  
Messrs. BURNS & OATES, London; ART AND BOOK Co., Leamington.

---

**Volume I.—Price, 10s.**

**Volume II.—Price, 12s. 6d.**

*Subject to usual Discount.*

---

DR. SCHANZ, Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen, and one of the most distinguished savants of Catholic Germany, has published "A Christian Apology," in which he deals with the questions in debate between science and faith. A work, in which the results of science are shown in their true proportions, and in their bearings on faith, and in which, at the same time, the Catholic position is clearly defined, has been long and urgently needed. To the clergy and the educated laity, a work of the kind is absolutely indispensable. And, as no such work exists in English, we feel that we are meeting a pressing want in publishing an English translation. Besides, the method and manner of treatment in Dr. SCHANZ'S Apology are admirably adapted to English readers. The three volumes form a complete manual up to date of the *Demonstratio Christiana* and the *Demonstratio Catholica*. That the work is at once Catholic in tone, and fully abreast of the scientific learning of the day, is sufficiently proved by the enthusiastic reception accorded to it by the German critics.

**Contents of Vol. I.—GOD AND NATURE.**

I. Apology and Apologetics.—II. History of Apologetics.—III. Religion and History.—IV. Religion and Man.—V. Traditionalism and Ontologism.—VI. Beginning and End.—VII. Life.—VIII. The Various Forms of Life.—IX. Man.—X. Design and Purpose.—XI. Virtue and Reward.—XII. The Soul.—XIII. Monism.—XIV. Creation.—XV. History of Creation.—XVI. The System of the World.—XVII. The Unity of the Human Race.—XVIII. The Age of the Human Race.—XIX. The Deluge.

**Contents of Vol. II.—GOD AND REVELATION (650 pages).**

Translators' Preface on the question of Inspiration (pp. i.—xx.).

I. Christianity and the History of Religion.—II. The Indo-Germanic Race: (1) Hindus, (2) Iranians, (3) Greeks, (4) Romans, (5) Germans.—III. Hamites and Semites: (1) Chinese, (2) Japanese, (3) Egyptians, (4) Assyrians and Babylonians, (5) Peoples of Asia Minor.—IV. Uncivilised Races.—V. The People of Israel.—VI. Non-Christian Religions: (1) Talmudistic Judaism, (2) Islam.—VII. The Origin of Christianity.—VIII. Revelation.—IX. Reason and Revelation.—X. Miracles.—XI. Prophecy.—XII. Trustworthiness of Holy Scripture.—XIII. The Inspiration of Holy Scripture.—XIV. The Interpretation of Holy Scripture.—XV. The Gospel and the Gospels.—XVI. The Life of Jesus.—XVII. The Person and Nature of Jesus.—XVIII. Christ's Doctrine and Work.—XIX. The God-Man.—XX. A Retrospect.

**PRESS OPINIONS.**

The work itself is a sufficient certificate of the learning and ability of its author. Dr. SCHANZ is fully acquainted with the science and theological literature of his time. . . . The pages of his book are so crowded with allusions to scientific facts and laws, that one might naturally infer that a writer who knows so much of the physical world must be not merely a theologian, but a scientist by profession. . . . Most interesting is the method in which the writer deals with the cosmological argument. . . . In the course of his discussion he comes upon some rather hard problems, one of them being the attitude of the Church towards the Copernican theory, as advanced by Galileo. It must be confessed, in all fairness, that he gets through his task with considerable dexterity. . . . Notwithstanding its Catholic colouring, discernible on every page, genuine enlightened Protestants may read Dr. SCHANZ's book with interest and profit.—Professor BRUCE, in the *Critical Review*.

A most creditable addition to the theological literature of our times. The work of Professor SCHANZ has established for itself an enviable reputation in Germany, where the highest standard of criticism prevails. . . . We may recommend its general excellence, as accepted by European critics to students of theology who would keep abreast with the requirements of religious discussion in our day.—*American Ecclesiastical Review*.

Press Opinions—continued.

A most opportune and useful work. . . . The principal chapters will one and all amply repay careful perusal. . . . In a searching and able criticism on Darwinism, the author shows a masterly knowledge of his subject, and a logical acumen that entitles him to a place in the front rank among Catholic apologists. . . . The chapters on "Creation," "The System of the Universe," "The Unity of the Human Race," "The Deluge," are, like all the rest of the volume, excellent and most interesting; and, throughout, the reader cannot fail to be struck by the vast amount of knowledge displayed by the author, as well as by the closeness and accuracy of his reasoning. In treating of modern scientific facts and theories he is quite at home. . . . The book is a mine of useful, and for our time, necessary information; and English-speaking Catholics have cause to be grateful to the translators for presenting it to them in so attractive an English dress.—(J. M.) *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

This brilliant English rendering of Dr. SCHANZ's well-known work is its own warrant. Both as to matter and manner it seems to me surprisingly fresh. It suggests that a reconciliation may yet be attempted on just and even liberal terms, between the schools of theology and the lecture halls of science and criticism. The language is modern, not mediæval. I suppose it is the translators who have given it a Shaksperian touch. For the wide-flowing German periods they have substituted a brisk succession of phrases, often happy, sometimes epigrammatic. . . . Dr. SCHANZ has written a *Summa Contra Gentes* for the nineteenth century. He undertakes to start without prejudice, and to arrive by the path of facts and inductive reasoning within sight of the Bible. . . . The origin of species, of man, of religion, and of civilisation; the proof that there is purpose in Natural Law; the sanction of Ethics, and the history of creation—over this wide field the Professor ranges, armed with omnivorous erudition, genial science, and keen logic. But the two points which have struck me most are his decided success in fixing the limits of inductive inquiry, and his courage in tracing the relation between physical science and the interpretation of Scripture. . . . The criticism of Darwin is searching and effective, while the scientific information is admirably employed in the great "cosmological argument" which fills so many chapters.—Dr. BARRY, in *The Tablet*.

In addition to encyclopædic knowledge, Dr. SCHANZ is endowed with a logical faculty of the first order, and is master of an admirable style. It is difficult to read his weighty arguments without feeling that he has met the materialists on their own ground and vanquished them. . . . A masterly exposition of many subjects of profound importance. . . . A bulwark to the believer. The task of translation has been admirably accomplished.—*Cork Examiner*.

It is too obvious to need emphasising, how much we stand in need of solid apologetic treatises on the groundworks of our faith. . . . The author is a man of erudition, and is careful, in the execution of his work, to give us an ample supply of well-established facts as a basis for argument. He has also made himself acquainted with the modern, as well as the ancient, modes of opposing the theistic position. . . . Those who will not shrink from the labour will find the author to be a valuable guide through the thickets of a very difficult subject-matter. . . . The present

**Press Opinions—continued.**

translation is a decided success, easy and idiomatic, and yet clear and intelligible.—*The Month*.

A work of the highest importance.—*Catholic Times*.

A very important addition to our English theological literature. . . .  
A volume of great worth and utility, which priests and the educated laity should at once add to their libraries.—*The Irish Monthly*.

Coming from the pen of such an eminent and erudite divine as Dr. SCHANZ, it is worthy of the weightiest consideration. . . . A work of incalculable value to the Christian world. . . . A massive and learned disquisition.—*Cork Examiner* (on Vol. II.).

It deals with its subject on a large systematic method, which adds greatly to the effectiveness of the argument. SCHANZ is possessed of wide knowledge, and can muster up a very considerable array of scientific facts. . . . Learned and elaborate.—*Saturday Review*.

This valuable apologetic work . . . we can thoroughly recommend. We cannot do without Apologies such as this.—*Lyceum*.

This book is intended to form an encyclopædic armoury against attacks on faith. . . . The work seems to be done with faithfulness and care. . . . The idea [of combining so many departments of apologetic literature in one treatise] merits encouragement.—*Church Times*.

SCHANZ'S well-known "Apology" . . . set in clear and cultured English. Is one of the most modern and reliable works of its kind, and treats of a subject . . . somewhat neglected in the seminary course. . . . What impresses us most is the marvellous way in which SCHANZ'S book is up to date. We are amazed to find all the English scientists and their theories described and refuted ; and the same thing is done for every country in Europe. . . . We can most cordially recommend it as being quite an armoury of weapons against the attacks of modern fidelity.—*Pastoralia*.

The author's programme is most comprehensive. . . . We have given this sketch that our readers may see how inviting it is. . . . We are not aware of any other single book, Catholic or Protestant, which brings together so much matter ; and we renew our thanks to the translators for giving it to us in so excellent an English dress. . . . We can cordially recommend the book as one which ought to be in the libraries of all interested in the defence of the Faith. It is one which will well repay the hard thought required to understand it.—*The Month* (on Vol. II.).

In the lucid statements of doctrines and facts given in this volume, difficulties are removed by anticipation, and the defender of revelation finds in it ready to hand arms wherewith to confront his foes. No priest in this day should be without some such books ; and we have no hesitation in saying that this is the best of the kind we have seen.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (on Vol. II.).



# Messrs. Burns and Oates' Monthly List.

---

## *In the Press and in Preparation.*

- The Wisdom and Wit of Blessed Thomas More.** Edited, with Introduction, by the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R., author of "Life of Blessed Thomas More," "Life of Blessed John Fisher," &c.
- Ireland and St. Patrick.** A Study of the Saint's Character, and of the results of his Apostolate. By the Rev. W. B. MORRIS, of the Oratory. (See p. 4.)
- The Spirit of St. Ignatius,** Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of the Rev. Fr. XAVIER DE FRANCIOSI, of the same Society.
- Succat ;** or, Sixty Years of the Life of St. Patrick. By the Very Rev. Mgr. ROBERT GRADWELL. (See p. 2.)
- My Zouave.** By Mrs. BARTLE TEELING, author of "Roman Violets," &c.
- Peter ;** or, The Power of a Good Education. By DON BOSCO. Translated by LADY MARTIN.
- Frequent Communion.** By Father JOSEPH HUBE. Translated by Rev. CHARLES BARCHI, S.J.
- A Brief Text-book on Mental Philosophy.** By Rev. CHARLES COPPENS, S.J.
- The American Catholic Family Annual for 1892.** Columbus number. Specially bound and profusely illustrated. Containing a Calendar and a variety of useful information.

---

## The Catholic Directory for 1892.

*The Official Organ of the Bishops of England.*

Fifty-fifth Annual Publication

Is in course of preparation, and will be ready, as usual, in Christmas week. Orders now booked.

*Last day for receiving Advertisements, November 11.*

---

## THE CAXTON REVIEW OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

### CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

- |   |                                |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1. Archbishop Ullathorne's Autobiography. | 5. Dutch Catholic Periodicals. |
| 2. A Dutch Life of St. Thomas.            | 6. Famianus Strada, S.J.       |
| 3. Theology in the Household.             | 7. Literary Chit-chat, &c.     |
| 4. Lockhart's Reminiscences.              |                                |

SUBSCRIPTION 3/- PER ANNUM POST FREE.

\* \* Subscriptions received by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

---

London : 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.  
New York : 12, East Seventeenth Street.



*J. Huntingtondon*